

NEW YORK WEEK

A REFLEX OF THE DRAMATIC EVENTS OF THE WEEK.

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Stage Subsidies.

The French people have always been passionately fond of stage representations. The light, ephemeral character of the French temperament, with its restless excitability, finds vent in activity of change and following the whim of the hour. Brilliant, witty and sympathetic, ever ready to be swayed by love or hate, quick to think and quicker still to have the feelings roused, the Gallic race has ever found a favorite means of enjoyment in the Thespian field. The same qualities which render them capable of so readily appreciating the delights which the transactions of human existence give in mimic presentation also enable them to furnish men and women capable of writing plays and of acting them with vivacity and power; for it is by the actor's natural ability to feel his part and by the hour the character he assumes that he holds his audience spellbound and keeps attention riveted to the action of his play. This is the power of the successful orator, the means by which the mob is led, the secret by which the strike leaders of workingmen are enabled to wreak such mischief and disturbance, because they are able to speak from the platform of the inner feelings and prejudices of the class they influence.

French statesmen have not been slow to recognize in this a powerful means of controlling and shaping the restless imaginations of their people, and with feelings akin to the poet who said he cared not who made the laws so that he could write the songs, they perceived the advantages of being able to wield the theatres in times of political excitement and of exercising an absolute censorship over the play. They have generally followed the same policy which was pursued by the Roman emperors of the later eras, in providing amusements for the people under Governmental patronage and tickling the popular palate while forging tight the fetters of their political slavery.

With this end in view, it has been customary in the French nation to pay large sums of public money by way of subsidies to the managers who make combinations for theatrical enterprises, in the same way that in America and England great mail roads, agricultural settlements, and other semi-national enterprises are encouraged to their operations and protected from failure during the difficulties of their establishment. The usual subsidy of a theatre in France has been from a third to a half of the dead expenses—naturally a great assistance to those risking so uncertain a speculation. The Theatre Français, of Paris, has, however, at different times, under the name of being a National School of Drama, had much larger measures of Imperial help, and it must be allowed that as a school of drama this theatre has been marvellously successful in the development of skilful acting, and has supplied a lively example of what beneficial effect might ensue in America from the establishment of a really national lyceum of acting.

But for this helping hand of a Government which, whether monarchical, imperial or republican, has always claimed to be paternal, what price has to be paid? The answer is not far to seek. The price is independence. When in times of distress or discontent the Government has desired to throw oil on the waters of popular dissatisfaction, it has been a common practice to throw open the theatres free to the great unwashed, taking care that the pieces represented shall be well calculated to carry out their primary object of diversion, and no subsidized manager could object.

Napoleon the First, as might be expected from a person of so great astutia, was keenly alive to the importance of handling the theatres as a factor in dealing with the populace. Whether the occasion was a victory or no, every battle was signalized by the theatres being thrown open, and popularity with a mob in a great capital is no mean card in the hand of a ruler playing so daring and dangerous a game as did the founder of the Empire. His interference with the French stage was complete; he supervised a strict censorship to prevent anything which could tend to reflect upon or satirize his government from being put upon the boards, although this precaution did not always save him from the shafts of keen-witted actors, as witness one occasion when an actor spoke of Marie Louise as "l'autre chienne," and another time when an actor, pointing to a picture on the stage of his Imperial carriage, uttered the pun, "Le char l'attend"—i. e., "Le charlatan"—amid the roars of laughter of the whole house.

Napoleon carried his knowledge and control of the French stage down to the minutest details, and never forgot its importance in

the greatest pressure of his military operations. While the burning rafters of the Kremlin of Moscow were tumbling about his ears, he was planning an elaborate set of rules for the ballet of the Opera House in Paris. This policy has been pursued by his successors, and theatres have been subsidized on the one hand and heavily taxed on the other—on the one side, under the plausible name of fostering a national drama, helped to lose its independence and become a political tool; on the other a large slice of the profits taken as an enforced tax under the name of "contributions to the poor."

With all these drawbacks the French stage has a great and just celebrity, and would probably have more if it had been less fettered. Of course, Government assistance in private enterprises has a tempting appearance, and the question whether theatres should be supported by national funds or left to

thoughts than the absorbing attention demanded by the play? Amusement, indeed, is now universally recognized as a necessity of existence, as much as food, clothing, air and water. Without it the brain becomes dull and the body listless. The spirit, inert, fails to keep the system at its full ratio of animation, and a gradual failure of the animal powers sets in and materially shortens life. Probably no form of amusement has ever been invented so fitted to meet this universal want as the drama, so calculated to arouse the attention from morbid brooding and hold it in intense interest from the idealized reality with which are shown the varying, restless passions of mankind, with their ever-changing array of circumstance.

With this vast field from which to cull the means of diverting the overweighted bulk of mankind from their cares, their sorrows and fatigues, and with the vast liberality the majority show in paying to be adequately amused,

Billing a Town.

Good wine needs no bush, the ancient proverb says. If there be any spark of truth in that proverb (and it is said that a proverb is national wisdom crystallized), then the theatrical companies of the present day must give terribly bad plays or they would not need the quantity of "bush" they give out. In that case it becomes easy to understand why so many of them come to grief in out-of-the-way country places, to the embarrassment of poor actors and the loss of confiding boarding-house keepers. Nine times out of ten the profits of a theatrical enterprise must go into the pockets of the printer and the bill-sticker, for those æsthetic persons are far too much acquainted with the risks of the road to give much credit.

Are the theatrical companies in a conspiracy to make the fortunes of printers? If one may judge by eyesight alone, billing a town might rank with painting one red. On every avail-

proclaim to the world that some rubbish about a runaway pig has something to do with it. We have become used to an impossible joint trait with a patch over one eye, and now we are to have a runaway pig to support the dignity of the drama and lead grace to the actors' art.

It is come to this, that the public care so little for the play that, without a blizzard of trumpets and flaming flags of support, they will not go? Or is it that the public is so stupid that without fifty square yards of sunbeams and blue pictures, showing the villain of the piece unmasked and the spotless virtue of a married and done for, the crowd would mistake the play for the sarsaparilla man or go to the drug-store for Filigree's Purgative Pommade instead of the box-office? Managers must have some such idea, or they would not condescend to outside the sarsaparilla man in the way of his portraits and distance the pills in the famous attractions of double elephant in three colors to the profit of the color printer.

And then the issue of these papers, which may be seen a mile off. Why, when compared with the old-fashioned simplicity of a small hand-bill in black and white, with type in France and England, one is reminded of the story of the colored preacher who expounded on the vanities of dress and said: "Then do vanities of gaudy colors and stick to plain red and yellow."

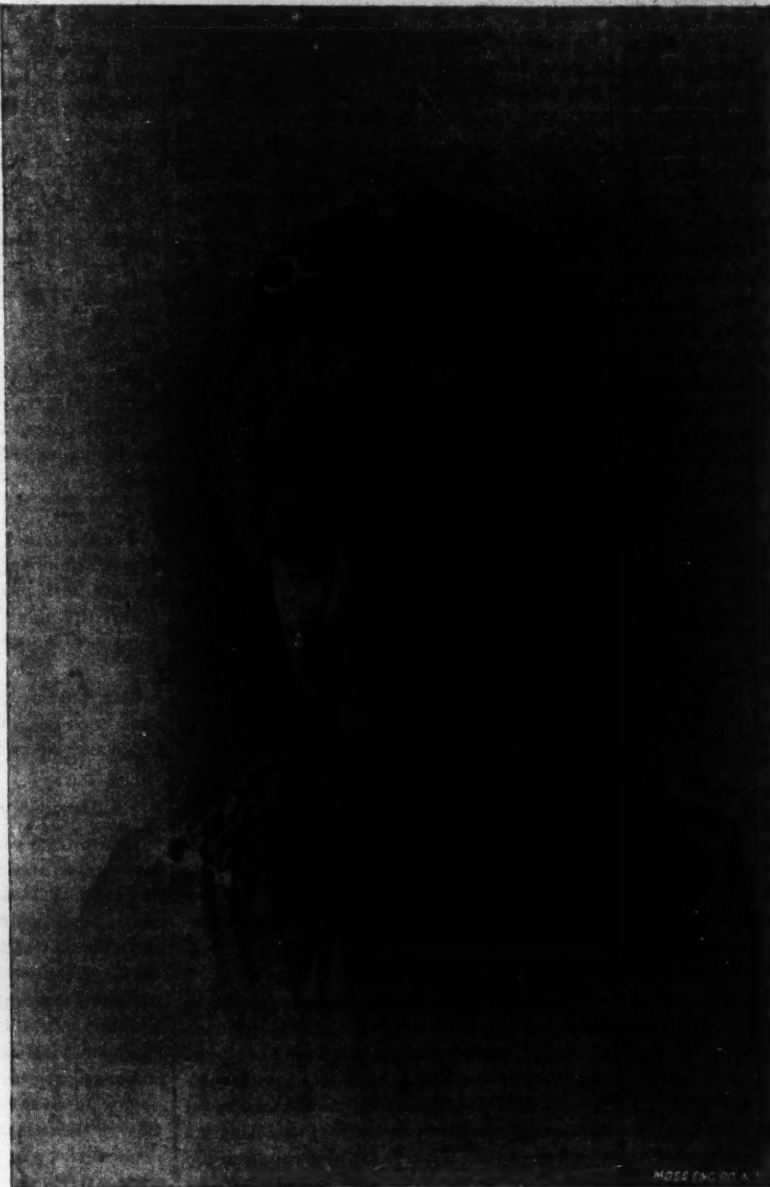
To any thoughtful observer of the signs of the streets, the reflection must arise, Can this excessive, ridiculous—any, unnecessary—covering of the walls have any other effect than diminishing the treasury by the grossest part of the printer's bill? And whether a judicious distribution of dodgers would not be a great deal more effective.

See-Saw.

Of all the ups and downs in this wretched world, there are none like the actor's and the politician's. To-day they are at the bottom of the tree, to-morrow at the top. The rough weather, and flop! they are at the bottom again. Fully they climb branch by branch; seem solidly ensconced in the middle; may rest for a time secure; but the ambition to get ever higher stirs them to further effort, and again they say to climb; leaving the firm branch for the slight and trembling shoot, they trust themselves to that fragile support and fall again. But that is not the worst. In their upward progress they must perforce pass over the heads of their competitors—perhaps their friends. For victory is the motto of all who would succeed, and their fiercest feelings of hate, envy and love must be blotted out. The ascent must be made even though we trample on the hearts of other strugglers. What must be the bitterness of those who are passed in the rush for fame; but, above all, of those who, having once grasped the glittering bauble, are it wrested from their hands by younger and more vigorous aspirants! Fancy the misery of a star actress who sees her laurels torn from her brow by her understudy—who, perchance, through the effect of sheer hard work is tempted to lie back and see another fill her place, and fill it triumphantly—who must lie on her bed of pain and read in the papers that Miss So-and-so filled the part hitherto identified with her and that the audience was well pleased at the exchange. Had it been a stranger she could have borne it, but her understudy—her mere substitute—her *sis aller*! And yet what could the offender do? The chance of her life is offered to her—must she let it pass unimproved because her gain is another's loss? Must she remain in the shade because by coming out into the light she eclipses another? Not so. Life is but a game at see-saw; one goes up and the other goes down. Up to the temple of Fame, down to the depths of despair. Well, night follows the day; death is the end of life; there is top and bottom to everything except a soda-water bottle, and we must drink our wine.

The Edwards Benefit.

The following volunteers appear at Harry Edwards' benefit at the Star Theatre next Monday night: Robert G. Ingersoll, Mrs. D. P. Bowers, Mrs. John Drew, John T. Raymond, C. W. Coudock, Katherine Rogers, Miss Georgia Cayvan, Mme. Ponis, Kyrle Bellow, Annie Robe, Osmond Tearle, Louis James, Marie Walnwright, Benj. Maguire, Dan Leeson, Joseph Grismer, Mathilde Matheson, Leonard Grover, R. C. Hillard, Helen Russell, Lillian Conway, Henry Peckham, William H. Rising and Richard Mansfield. There Hart, Frank Loser and Fred Bryson act as reception committee.



BERTHA WELBY.

their ordinary commercial chances, is one which must at some period or other have presented itself to the minds of most theatrical managers, especially to those who have endeavored to cope with the difficulty of making the highest class of dramatic works sufficiently attractive to the popular taste to be pecuniarily profitable. The profession can count numbers of men who, in their efforts to provide superior dramatic pieces equal to the standard of the critics, have failed to give to the masses that amusement which they crave, and which experience upon experience proves to be the real pecuniary mainstay of the stage.

Amusement the work-a-day world must have. The pressure of daily labor and daily duties in these headlong days of railways and electricity is so heavy upon all classes that entire relief from mental strain is needed. And what is a greater foil to the ordinary

it seems almost strange that if theatrical managers would endeavor faithfully to understand the tastes of the people, they should be left to battle with pecuniary loss. These men must naturally sometimes have thought that if the productions of the stage be a national requirement to sustain the general tone of happiness of the people, the people should, at all events, as a nation, contribute to raise the stage a little above the fluctuations and uncertainties of private speculation. But the mistake would be a fatal one. Independence is the soul of the English-speaking races and the very password of the American people, and the vicious points of the French dramatic system must never be introduced upon American soil. It is more than enough that the French dramatic authors should take the large slice they do from the literary profits of the American stage without the importation of any integral element of weakness.

able space gigantic posters, some with life-size groups of the principal blood and thunder scenes in the play, others with portraits more than life-size of some actor or actress, vie with each other in the outrageous amount of space they cover and the glaring nature of the announcements they make. It would be an interesting question, if it were possible, to find out, not how many people have been tempted to go to a certain play now being billed all over Brooklyn, but how many have been actually kept from going through seeing a ridiculous poster of a pig at full gallop bestridden by the leading actor, with an enormous head and little body, after the style of French caricatures. What sensible person, after seeing such an advertisement, would form any other opinion except that the play must be inane stuff. Perhaps it is not—it may be good, sterling, solid drama—real jam—but why tell the public the contrary? Why

At the Theatres.

George Clarke's "A Strange Disappearance," a literary and artistic masterpiece, is a most unusual and original production. It makes no demand upon serious critical attention, and therefore it shall have none from this reviewer. From a literary and artistic standpoint the piece is positively beneath notice. Did the author aspire to a high plane of excellence for his work, a notice of five lines would be sufficient for its demolition. But we are given to understand that Mr. Clarke's pretensions are decidedly modest. He wrote "A Strange Disappearance" simply for money-making purposes and in the hope that it would hit the popular taste for sensational rot. This, then, is the question for the newspaper writer to answer. Our opinion, briefly put, is that Mr. Clarke has failed of his purpose; but his play, nevertheless, possesses the elements of financial success, and properly revised and rearranged it should become an attractive card. In the shape in which it was presented at the People's Theatre on Monday night it was inexpressibly dreary and uninteresting. Such of the material as was good became, through clumsy handling, ineffective, and save for the plethora of variety features which were spread through the performance unsparingly, the large body of spectators found little to enjoy. To begin with, Mr. Clarke's play is well nigh minus a plot. What slender thread of story there is fitfully disappears from view at brief intervals and the observer is compelled to edgel his brain unceasingly that the continuity may be preserved and the detached local sketches and bits of incongruous episode and trivial incident so liberally interlarded may be brought into connection with the general drift of the piece. There are inconsistencies without number and extraneous meanderings beyond computation. Even the title is mystical and inappropriate, for the strange disappearance to which it owes its origin occurred many years anterior to the beginning of the action, and the only strangeness thereafter involved in the reappearance of the lost individuals. We have said that there is almost a total lack of plot, and that is a melancholy fact. We can, however, supply some of the omissions and remove some of the perplexities by the free exercise of such imaginative faculties as our journalistic organization and training involve. Alfred Blackpool is a stock speculator and director in the Mutual Bank, combining some of the characteristics or peculiarities of those distinguished ex-citizens of the metropolis, Messrs. Fish and Ward. He uses the bank's securities to sustain his operations, and from mingled motives of revenge and to throw the authorities off the right scent, he doctors the books of the cashier, John Mortimer, and accuses him of the peculations. Mortimer is sent to Sing Sing, serves his time and is discharged. Mrs. Blackpool has lost a boy and girl, the children of a former marriage. The husband, learning of the presence of one named Lucy, who has become a saleswoman at Simpson, Crawford and Simpson's, determines to get her out of the way and impresses Mortimer, who is an easily frightened person, into his service. At night he chloroforms the girl, carries her up to the elevated railway at Sixth avenue and Thirty-second street, and lays her across the track. Mortimer discovers her, climbs a pillar of the structure and suspends the girl from the girders while two trains pass above. Then he comes the girl to be suspected of theft in the dry goods store and she is discharged. This unaccountable villain furthermore hatches and attempts to carry out a variety of evil schemes, levelled at Lucy and John, but the latter, of course, manages to frustrate them all. Blackpool eventually dropping out of the world by means of a trap laid for one of the victims of his extraordinary persecution. Incidental to this story there are introduced a kaleidoscopic collection of sketches of city life. There is an old Irish war veteran, who drives a cab; a negro who sings and dances whenever he can get the stage to himself; a German with a fatal weakness for falling prey to the snares of New York crooks; a pair of dudes, one of whom is a member of the Racquet Club and, beneath his insipid exterior, a man and a hard hitter; a bootblack, who mixes illiterate sentiment and gamine wit with his day and Martin, after the manner of all the theatrical embodiments of these imudent street urchins; a member of "the Finest," an Irish candy and peanut woman, etc., etc. Evidently the author intended to follow in Harrigan's wake, but there is only the intention apparent. Harrigan's crisp and humorous dialogue, his ingenious constructive skill and his symmetrical and consistent workmanship are utterly lacking in "A Strange Disappearance." The outlines of it are pregnant with good opportunities for comic and dramatic effect, and the characters chosen are diversified and entertaining enough to engage attention, if properly handled; but the material has gone to waste, and coherence has been wantonly sacrificed to vague, loose and unimpressive departures from the main purpose of local melodramatic compositions. There is scope for realistic scenic pictures, but it is not utilized in the production at the People's. The more ambitious sets, such as the L. Railway and Fulton Market, are the veriest dubs, having no discernible resemblance to the localities in question. A first scene in Act Two is roughly copied from "The Misanthrope" supplement, "Union Square in Midsummer," but in transforming the season from the torrid time to midwinter the painter has completely altered the look of the Rialto and its environs.

Our bronze friend, General Washington, bestrides his fiery steed in a most uncomfortable manner, and THE MIRROR building, which looms up in the foreground, looks as if it were a midnight mission instead of the habitat of the best and liveliest dramatic newspaper in Christendom. With care and money judiciously expended, the scenery of this piece could be made a sensational feature. But ultimate success could not be gained alone by the development of this department—the dialogue and the plot must first be submitted to a radical and complete revision. The cast contains thirty characters. Mr. Clarke, who plays Mortimer, has one of the worst. Doubtless the anxiety he necessarily had experienced on the trial of his experiment handicapped his personal efforts, for it cannot be denied that he gave a very feeble performance. Mortimer as a hero is a failure. He is wanting in all the heroic attributes, manifesting weakness, cowardice and a curish spirit in almost every case where the reverse qualities should naturally be expected. Fortunately, there is not much of the unfortunate cashier in the play, and he relieves the audience of his undesirable presence for a whole act and the greater part of another. F. McCulloch Ross as Blackpool was the embodiment of such-villainy, melodramatically considered, from his scowling brow and sneering upper-lip down to his nonchalant pantaloon. Mr. Ross probably viewed the character as the prototype of that in Adonis played by Mr. Gresham, for he performed it in the same polished way, and only needed an arsenal of dirks and derringers under his waistcoat to make the imitation complete. Eugene O'Rourke was very conventional as Tom Reilly, the Irish vet., who spouts illigant similitudes with a moighty foine brogue, and divides his time equally between engineering a "night-hawk" and succoring innocence and beauty in distress. The German, Fritz, as represented by J. W. Grath, appeared to amuse the spectators—J. E. Henshaw's negro variety songs and breakdowns certainly had that effect. Sedley Brown doubled parts neatly. W. F. Blande's sketch of the dude athlete was a clever bit, but Evelyn Granville was awkward and ill-at-ease as the other slim. The admirers who sent magnificent floral trophies over the footlights to her when she had finished singing a topical song very badly, placed the actress in an absurd light. Fanny Rice did Skeezicks, the bootblack, nicely, and there was a touch of natural pathos in her scene with Mortimer on his return from prison that struck a responsive chord in front. Henrietta Crossman gave Lucy a performance as colorless as the part itself. The old Irishwoman, Maggie, was humorously portrayed by Ada Boshell, whose lullaby sung in Act I. was several times encored. May Roberts was exasperatingly inaudible as Mrs. Blackpool. "A Strange Disappearance" holds the stage of the People's throughout the week. Next Monday Barry and Fay appear in their amusing chestnut, Irish Aristocracy.

On rather short notice, Frank Mayo brought his company to the city and opened in Nordeck at the Lyceum Theatre on Monday night. It would seem that no better theatre could have been selected for the production of this admirable play, and there could be no doubt of a successful engagement were not the time approaching for the hegira of fashionable New York to Summer resorts. Nordeck is not a stranger to New York. Altogether it has been presented here for two months—three weeks at the Union Square in hot weather and five at the Third Avenue in the early Fall. Neither engagement was surrounded by propitious circumstances. The character of the play was rather too exalted for the East-side clientele. Still, both engagements were pronounced artistic successes. The audience at the Lyceum on Monday night was large and of the discriminating quality. Not a point was lost in the unfolding of the story, and applause was judiciously bestowed upon principals and subordinates alike. While never very demonstrative, the audience displayed a great deal of quiet enthusiasm, and the recalls were numerous and always in the proper places. The cast has been somewhat changed since the drama was last presented here. Whether these changes are for the better is matter for discussion. Let us consider Alice J. Fischer in the part of the Countess Zulieski. She is a novice, and yet the average theatre-goer would not discover it. While in the little details of stage art she might suffer by comparison with her experienced predecessors, certainly in dramatic force she did not fall behind them. As the elderly Countess Miss Fischer sacrificed youth to make-up, and looked the part as well as acted it. She is a young woman of twenty-two, and is a recent graduate of the Lyceum School of Acting. This is said to be her first speaking part in a regular dramatic company. W. H. Murdoch made his first bow in New York as Fabian, the Tutor. His methods are somewhat different from those who preceded him in the part. He did not make all that was possible of the role—erred on the right side, so to say, in playing it quietly—almost too quietly. Nevertheless, his scenes with Margaret, his sweetheart, created much merriment. The latter part was winsomely portrayed by Alice Lorimer, another Lyceum graduate. She is a promising young actress. That Frank Mayo is a painstaking and studious actor, no one will deny. That he is an enthusiast in his art is equally true. He has persevered in the presentation of Nordeck in the

face of continual financial loss. The artistic success of the play has been conceded even where the box-office returns were the most meagre. A short six months ago a sure came in the tide, and, unless all signs fail in the next few seasons the actor-author will gain the reward of his perseverance and unbounded faith. Thus much preparatory to a brief review of Mr. Mayo's performance of Nordeck. The actor has a fine physique; in make-up he is picturesque; the stride of the stage is child's play with him; he can pose gracefully; his entrances and exits are made with dramatic effect;—but his speech is disappointing for the most part—being rapid and "choppy." His speeches are oftentimes difficult to catch in their entirety, and therefore fail to produce the proper effect. Let us take up one exception. When the Polish conspirators are confronted by odds, Nordeck, pretending not to know their purpose, and falling in with their excuses, exclaims, "Come, gentlemen, we will hunt together!" This sentence is uttered with deliberation and force, and puts an exclamation point to a strong dramatic climax. Whether Mr. Mayo can mend his delivery, or believes that it needs mending—that is a question. He certainly has his say as to how his support shall comport themselves, how they shall deliver their lines; he is master of the field, if not the situation. Let him pay a little attention to the beam—not very large, it is true—in his own eye. As to the remaining characters in the play, those of importance may be passed in quick review, for all have been considered before in these columns. Kathryn Kidder still remains a charming Wanda, as she was at first. To determine Miss Kidder's status, she must be seen in some other role. A musical voice, a lithe, willowy figure and flowing hair are not everything. J. H. Taylor's Witold, the splenic, rugged but honest German, is the same capital performance as ever. He moved the audience at will—to applause or laughter. Edwin Mayo appeared in the dual role of Prince Leo and Ladislav. In the former he was overweighted; in the latter he was excellent. George F. De Vere continued his conventional performance of Count Morynski. J. R. Furlong played the part of Vogel, the detective, with good effect. The fine scenery was that used in the former New York productions. It had been stored away until this engagement.

A large and enthusiastic audience greeted Joseph Murphy at the Windsor Theatre on Monday night. The popular Irish comedian holds a warm place in the hearts of East-side theatre-goers. He appeared as Larry Donovan and Shaun Rhue in the play of the title name. The supporting company was of general excellence. Belle Melville was very bewitching as Kate Donovan. Ella Baker met with much favor as Tim, the orphan. Next week, Baker and Farron in A Soap Bubble.

The Wallack company drew a large audience to the Grand Opera House on Monday evening, when they gave the favorite bill, Home and A Happy Pair. Mr. Wallack was heartily welcomed as Colonel White, and Messrs. Gilbert and Edwards were not far behind in the matter of an enthusiastic reception. Miss Robe and Mr. Bellew played Mrs. Houghton and her spouse very enjoyably. Next week, Mr. Gillette and The Private Secretary company are to fill an engagement at this prosperous establishment.

McNish, Johnson and Slavin's Minstrel party moved into the Union Square on Monday and kept a large audience in the best of humor for two hours and a half. The engagement of this clever company bids fair to prove decidedly remunerative.

Uncle Tom's Cabin is popularly supposed to have long and snowy white whiskers growing all over it; nevertheless it is drawing very well this week at the Third Avenue Theatre, with Mrs. G. C. Howard as Topsy and a variety of interesting plantation features judiciously interspersed to add the element of diversity to the great moral drama. John A. Stevens will be seen here next week in Passion's Slave.

Thatcher, Primrose and West's Minstrels continue to draw potently at the Bijou.—Next Monday Messrs. Miles and Barton will bring forth The Bridal Trap, their edition of Audran's latest and much sought opera.—Prince Karl goes smoothly along at the Madison Square. Mr. Mansfield claims to be playing to considerably more than his expenses.—The last week of Lydia Thompson's successful engagement at the Fourteenth Street Theatre finds the attendance steadily good. New features were introduced into Oxygen on Monday night.—Rosina Vokes' stay at Daly's is a pronounced success. We are glad to learn that this clever little actress and her company are to play an extended engagement at the Standard next season.—Crowds flock to the last-named house to laugh until they're tired at the funniments of A Tin Soldier. The farce is a veritable go.—The Corner Grocery is still attractive at Tony Pastor's Theatre.

The Musical Mirror.

Erminie has caught the public taste, and the Casino is filled every night. Daboli has made a hit as Ravennas—which is Robert Macaire—and Frank Wilson has shaped Cadeaux—which is Jacques Strop—to fit himself, and is therefore very funny. The music is tripping and

goes trippingly, and the stage setting would make a far less operatic piece pleasant to the eye as the band and chorus do to the ear. Erminie will "fight it out on that line if it takes all Summer."

At Wallack's the Don Cesar of the McCall company goes very well, both as regards the music and the acting. There is a pretty swing to many of the numbers, and the artists let no chance slip to make the most of their work, nevertheless. The new version of Audran's Serment d'Amour is in preparation and will be given on Saturday. We hear golden reports of the beauty of this opera, which is said to excel The Mascotte in both book and score. If so, it will be a success.

Another version is to come out at the Bijou Opera House, with an adaptation by Sydney Rosenfeld, who promises not to say a word about "poker" and "politics." We are glad, very glad, for Rosenfeld can write charming lyrics and bright dialogue when he likes.

Ixion, at Koster and Bial's, has hit the frequenters of that pleasant resort in the right place. Music, fun and frolic pervade the atmosphere and the people are happy.

Pepita, with its pretty melodies, chiming choruses and rich orchestration, has left us. Messrs. Hill and Solomon, as a parting present, gave us a charming ballad called "Louise Bower," which proved, as we predicted, a brilliant success—equalling, if not exceeding, that made by the celebrated "Silver Line" of the same composer. Mr. Hill's words are tender and full of meaning, which Solomon has well caught the spirit of and translated into harmonious numbers. We particularly admire a bit of charming contrary motion in the accompaniment, which is indeed a masterpiece of counterpoint and orchestration. The ballad was beautifully sung by Lillian Russell, whose peculiarly sympathetic voice found itself suited to a nicety. A new aspirant, Bella Thorne, played the part of the duenna schoolmistress in place of Alma Stanley, and made a most favorable impression, pleasing the public, the manager and the composer—a difficult task after such a finished performance as that of Miss Stanley.

Mme. Ella Baldanza will give a concert at Music Hall, Orange, N. J., on Wednesday evening, June 2. Mme. D'Arone, Signorina Mattei and Signori Spigaroli and Orlandini will assist. The first act of Il Trovatore will be given, together with a number of English ballads.

The roof-garden concerts at the Casino are very pleasant, especially on warm nights. Rudolph Aronson's band is excellent, his selections judicious and the effect very agreeable.

The incidental music for the new piece by James Schenberg, Not One Word, which will be acted at Knowles and Morris' Grand Opera House, Brooklyn, on Monday next, has been composed and arranged by Fred. Lyster.

Max Vogrich, the pianist and composer, will shortly go to London to produce his concerto for pianoforte and grand orchestra.

Brooklyn Amusements.

Louise Litta's first real serious bid for public favor in the play of Chispa was made last Monday evening at the Lee Avenue Academy of Music in Brooklyn. It was about six years since the play had been seen in this neighborhood. About that time Marion Elmore tried it at the Fourteenth Street Theatre and it was a failure. In its revised shape and with its new name, last Monday evening it created a more favorable impression, though its success was by no means great. The star accomplished most of the success. The play, however, has some merits, and with a really good all-around company it is very likely to please. It is a mining camp piece. Zeke Stevens is boss of the community, a civilization hater and loves Chispa. The latter is the child of a murdered woman, and somebody else is enjoying her fortune. The son of her mother's murderer, bent on restoring her fortune to her, and an unscrupulous adventurer, desirous of securing the fortune by marriage, also love her. In fact she is loved by everybody, including the audience. The unravelling of the plot is common place and all ends happily. Louise Litta reminds one strongly of Minnie Palmer five or six years ago. She is just as pretty, and does an exhibition of scarlet hose during a castanet dance that won her an excited recall. Her banjo solos were much applauded also. As an actress she is pleasing when she does not laugh. Her supposed outbursts of merriment are artificial. She wore several very picturesque and becoming costumes. Ralph Delmore, as Zeke, acted intelligently. He pitched his voice in the guttural key, and in trying to hold it there became almost tame in action. He roused himself in the third act, however, and was quite effective in a pathetic and heroic situation. Joseph Wilkes' Doc Jones, an idle dog of Bachelors' Gulch, where the scene of the play is laid, and Zeke's firm friend, was the best played part of the performance. Josephine Bailey and Kate Fletcher did all that could be done with secondary parts entrusted to them, but the remainder of the cast had no

opportunities, except to walk on and off, which they did in the regulation order. The scenery was very pretty.

The Private Secretary was at the Brooklyn Theatre to the delight of a large number of people. At the eleventh hour Helen Corlette was substituted for Maudie Giroux in the part of Eva. The cast included William H. Gillette and M. A. Kennedy. The play went with bustling vivacity and pleased immensely. It was the company's second engagement at this house this season.

Milton Nobles and his Love and Law were at the Grand Opera House. The audience was of good size. During the performance a lady got exceedingly worked up over the sufferings of the heroine in the Italian's den, and threw Mrs. Nobles a bouquet. Barnum, who played Giovanni, picked it up and threw it aside. The bouquet-thrower's escort thereupon yelled at Barnum to put down the flowers. It created a little ripple of excitement, and added liveliness to the entertainment.

Manager Louis A. Phillips, late of the People's Theatre, opened on last Monday evening a "pavilion" at Montrose and Union avenues at cheap prices. The Martinetti Brothers and the old time pantomime, Jocko; or, The Brazilian Ape, were the principal attractions. The rest of the programme was of the variety kind. The attendance was fair.

James Harrison and W. H. Stuart began a series of twelve performances at the Standard Museum on last Monday afternoon in Ten Nights in a Bar-Room. The attendance was fair and the enthusiasm great. A special company also appeared.

The emotional had possession of the stage of the Grand Museum also on Monday afternoon. Louise Arnot did the harrowing in East Lynne, and, judging from the applause, did it most satisfactorily. The Two Orphans, Leah the Forsaken and The Little Detective were announced as the other dramatic attractions of the week.

The Lillie Allyn Japanese Minstrels and Burlesque company and another corps of entertainers known as Gus Hill's Big Specialty company are filling the last week of the season at Hyde and Behman's Theatre, where the audiences are uniformly large.

NOTES.

The Philharmonic Society has had its annual accounting, and there is only \$2,000 surplus, as against \$9,000 at the close of the season of '84-'85. It is estimated that new music acquired during the season of '85-'86 and other property increases the clear assets by \$5,000.

Manager Holmes, of the Standard Museum, says business has not been good during the past six weeks. It dropped off all of a sudden about April 1, previous to which date it was excellent.

James H. Smith, of the Park Theatre, has just finished splendid copies of two bronze gas stands owned by the late William H. Vanderbilt, and among the richest ornaments of his palatial home. They stand eight feet high and are capped by five burners each. The only difference in appearance between the copies and the originals is that two large bronze rings near the bases of the stands are merely held in hooks instead of lions' mouths. They are intended for "props."

Messrs. Theall and Williams, of the Novelty Theatre, have signed over their lease to Jacobs and Proctor, and the house will be placed on the latter managers' cheap-price circuit next season. They will play dramatic attractions. Charles G. Allen, late manager of the People's Theatre, will have charge of the business.

Corra Tanner (Mrs. William E. Sinn) is at her Summer residence, on Staten Island, resting prior to her departure for San Francisco, where she opens in Alone in London next month. Mrs. Sinn is continually studying new business for her play, and many of its scenic innovations for next season are due to suggestions made by her.

About 450 members of the Twenty-third Regiment, N. G. S. N. Y., attended Harrigan's last performance of The Leather Patch at the Grand Opera House (May 23). Each man wore a leather patch over the left eye. A regular programme of hurrahs and interruptions had been arranged, and the affair lacked in a great measure the element of spontaneous admiration; but the noise was there all the same, and many of the greetings had the ring of genuine friendliness. Those who were particularly noticed were Harrigan, Mrs. Yeamans, Annie Lee, Bradley, Wild, Collyer and Dave Braham. Merritt, Sparks, Fisher and Ray were also noticed.

John F. Rhodes, violinist, is announced for a benefit on 28th. Henrietta Beebe's name appears among those of the volunteers.

Manager Bruce, of the Grand Museum, will benefit on June 7. All the signs point to a large success.

The regular season at Hyde and Behman's well conducted and very successful vaudeville house closes May 29. The 31st has been set aside for a benefit to Henry W. Behman, the treasurer, and James Hyde, the business manager of the house, and brothers of the managers. They are both deservedly popular. Over fifty of the best known performers in the variety profession have volunteered, and the programme is certain to be very entertaining.

The Giddy Gusher.



One of the most pernicious institutions of this blooming country is the detective agency business. To begin with, it is an impossibility for a man of any nobility of character or integrity of purpose to drift into the sneaking ranks of the detective force. If there's any soul in the man—if there's any high-mindedness in the cuss, he will get to bottling beer or washing milk-cans before he will hang round as a woman watcher, or, under the guise of friendliness, wring committing secrets from wretched criminals. I read of this individual McCullough in St. Louis forging a check by the direction of the District Attorney, getting into the prison with this Maxwell, and spending weeks prying into his confidence and getting evidence against the murderer.

Of course McCullough got a confession of wilful murder from Maxwell—he never would have left the job without one. Catch a detective allowing he hadn't detected all that was expected of him and a little more! There's no doubt about the Maxwell murder. It was a crime committed for money, after due deliberation, but the rascal isn't much worse than the sneak who personates a thief to get into a dupe's confidence and then trumps up so diaphanous a yarn as the St. Louis man has.

Maxwell, after months of preparation and counsel, has arranged a life-saving story. Under no circumstances could he be benefited by admitting he killed Preller with malice aforethought, and this "Confession No. 2," in all the papers this week, should put the detective business very much in the shade. It's a confession of weakness on the part of the District Attorney to aid and abet any such proceeding, and it should be a warning to the world to avoid the employment of professional detectives. If McCullough had come out of his silly escapade as a bogus criminal and admitted Maxwell had told him nothing, had stuck to his original story, and adhered to the version given to the public, it would have been a very reassuring result, and a recommendation the detective business sadly needs.

The methods of the detective are very simple and straightforward. We'll say Mr. White is jealous of his wife, and suspects her of undue affection for Mr. Gray. He engages a detective, and that official's first work, on finding that Gray has more money than White, is to see Gray and tell him how much White pays him and how much more he will take to protect Gray and hoodwink White. Let Mr. Green get a hearty dislike for Mr. Brown and seek to do him an injury; go to a detective agency and state that he would like to fasten arson, bigamy or burglary on the offending Brown. If Greene has got sufficient boodle, the detectives will detect more crime in a month that Brown has committed than Sing Sing let loose could perpetrate in a year.

A well-known actress in this city some years ago aroused the jealousy of her husband, and that sharp individual put a detective on her track. The lady caught the haunting man almost immediately. She sallied forth for a walk or a shopping tour. There was Mr. Man like a shadow. He followed all one afternoon, and finally, quite broken up by nervousness, she came to see me.

"Come to the window and see the wretch," said she. And sure enough, cooling his heels, watching some telegraphic repairs with interest, there was the whelp of a detective.

"Give me your hat and coat," said I. "You take a much-needed rest, and I'll give that lad a rattling afternoon of it."

Ten minutes later, with madam's big seal dogman and fur cap, I was boarding a Sixth avenue car and my victim was climbing on in front. Off at Twenty-third street and on a bobtail, over to Third avenue; down Third avenue to Eighth street and across town to Bleeker; up Bleeker and by back streets clean to Fulton. Laughing myself sick behind a little blue veil, I struggled into a Fifth avenue stage and went to the ferry. In the ladies' cabin, when the detective was watching me like a cat, I deliberately untied my veil and displayed the awful face of the Gusher. I paralyzed him. He didn't have the strength to escape as I walked over and demanded his object in persistently following me into half a dozen cars and stages.

Of course he disclaimed any such intention. Then I came down on him like locusts on a Kansas town. He was a wretched, headless creature, and I got the whole story from him in ten minutes. He was making a report

every day to the misguided husband of every move the wife made. In no time he consented to doctor the accounts for \$2 a day—he got \$5 from the husband. Every afternoon at 5 he called on me for a week, and the wife and I cooked some of the gayest time tables that ever a jealous man was run on.

At the end of seven days, when we were \$14 out, I went to the office of Mr. Husband.

"Your wife is annoyed by a man following her," said I. "She don't move an inch but this Lothario tags. She has spent every afternoon this week with me at my house, and this man has hung round my premises. She's afraid to tell you, but I think you ought to know it."

"Every afternoon with you?" stammered the man.

"Every afternoon. [This statement was entirely at variance with the time table.] She's there now, painting lilies-of-the-valley on a porcelain plaque, and she all the while the innocence of which those flowers are the emblem, while the wolf is at the door."

The husband turned pale. "Come up town and investigate this thing."

Off we started, and, of course, found no man outside, for he'd been off duty for a week; but inside, in a white wrapper, dabbling away at the injured lilies, there was the guileless wife.

"Stay to dinner," said I.

And he did. Just before it was announced, I had to go to the basement to prime and cock the detective. "Ten o'clock she went to Brentano's—there 20 minutes; thence to picture show on Twenty-third street—there till 12:10; came out with tall, blond gentleman and walked to Delmonico's; from there at 2 she went home; came out at 3:15 and took stage to Twenty-third street and Broadway; overtaken by blond man on the block below and in his company took cab at Madison Square and drove to Casino in Central Park. Dined there in the bay window at 6 and drove home in same carriage with the sandy-haired gentleman at 7. Expenses: 40 cents, car fare; \$2 for cab to follow to Park."

This was the document I dictated and the man wrote.

The \$240 pleased my sneaking friend. I always chucked in liberal expenses. He read it over with satisfaction.

"You're fly," said he, patronizingly. "You kin play 'im all winter this way. This sorter leads him on—he's sure he'll make a landing pretty soon."

"He will," thought I, "and I guess he'll land on you."

I put the doomed cuss out the basement door, and went up smiling to tell my cooling turtle-doves that dinner was ready.

We passed a refreshing season. I made myself loved by my gentle, childlike demeanor, and Maria told me that her husband said I "was the truest friend she had, and such an open, frank nature that one could read every thought in my truthful, honest eyes." Oh, I love to deserve such tributes and I was much affected at the dear fellow's opinion.

At nine he had an appointment at his stables with a man. We knew the man and he excused himself for half an hour.

When he shut the front door we fell on each other's necks and prayed we might have strength to surmount all difficulties. He returned at ten with his hand done up where he had hurt it on the stable door, and Maria and I knew that one blamed sneak had got his deserts. And we were even on one member of the detective agency.

A lady said to me the other day: "We suspect the cook of stealing and my husband is going to send up a detective this afternoon. What would you do if he comes?"

"Provide yourself with a teakettle of boiling water and scald him on general principles," answered I. The woman thought I was a trifle off, but she didn't know the gang as well as I, or she'd seek the suspected cook's protection the minute a detective rang the bell.

I haven't the slightest objection to their hanging brother Maxwell. He richly deserves it; but don't pull the string any tighter from any evidence given by a detective, I beg of you, dear St. Louis citizens.

A country paper a little while ago gave a synopsis of the opera of *Trovatore* and wound up by saying: "We can confidently predict a very creditable future for Mr. Verdi. This is a very promising work, and will, without doubt, bring him into immediate notice."

The *World* says this morning that "Agnes Herndon does very well as Belinda, and we shall soon hear of her in something else." And is it for this she was a Farmer's Daughter years and years? Was it for this belittling paragraph she has struggled with the emotional drama since 1876?

My soul, my soul, these papers! How mixed they do get things! I wrote the other day of Roscoe Conkling and his pet curl being present at Joe Howard's lecture. I said the pet curl was scant of hair and very white. The compositor set me up as stating that "Roscoe and his pet cat, scant of hair, etc., decorated a box at Wallack's." Ye gods!

THE MIRROR daisy always prints c-lever clean. And when an "obscure clergyman" was mentioned he kindly called him an "obscene." These errors can be forgiven, but when a critic tackles a subject as well known and generally understood as Herndon, and predicts that she will yet play some other part

than the one in *Engaged*, with which she is wrestling in Harlem this week, it is truly funny.

I must close this communication, for my boat is on the shore and my yacht is in the bay, and with Ko-Ko and his Yum-Yum I'm a-going far away, getting back Saturday night to see McCaull's new venture, of course.

Do you know, I rather regret Don Caesar? It was a nice, clean, tuneful, coherent opera, and for the life of me I can't see why it didn't catch on. Perugini did some very clever character work in it. I don't recall more picturesque, romantic acting than his in Don Caesar. It was, next to the exquisite in *The Merry War*, the best thing I ever saw him do in comic opera, and the two characters, so entirely dissimilar, stamp the gentleman as that rarest of all birds, a tenor who can act as well as sing.

True, Don Caesar didn't give my Hooper a big opportunity, and unless my Hooper has a big opportunity I am not happy—for that reason, peace to Don Caesar; long life to *The Crowing Hen*!

I'm afloat till Saturday, then, and so full of maritime intelligence that you may consider me a shipping guide as well as your

GIDDY GUSHER.

London News and Gossip.

LONDON, May 13.

It is not often that the Grand, a minor North London theatre, is, as it was on Friday last, literally strammed by an audience dressed for the most part like the late lamented Mr. Villikins' Dinah, "in gorgeous array." All these fashionables and brilliants, many of whom were glad to get even a seat in the gallery, had gathered together to see Shelley's tragedy, *The Cenci*, then performed (thanks to the officiousness of the Shelley Society) for the first time on any stage. The Shelley Society, like the Browning ditto, is chiefly made up of homunculi and epicene "blue-stockings" whose mission in life seems to be to tack themselves on to the skirts of great men. They profess to expound the "Master's" meaning, as though people all were like poor H. J. Byron's Sir Simon Simple, who didn't object to reading, if he "had someone to explain it—to tell him what it all meant, you know." The Brownings have busied themselves a good deal in this way lately, especially at one another's houses on Sunday afternoons. But finding, I suppose, that Browning, although pleasantly obscure, was not "fleshly" enough, some of the Brownings formed themselves into the Shelley Society, and invited Baird Browning to see their first show last Friday, which also happened to be Browning's seventy-fourth birthday.

Judging from the S. S.'s initial choice of a play, the shades of dead and gone poets and the substances of living ones will have occasion to dread the patronage of such like societies. The S. S. aggressively professes to revere its "Master's" memory, and shows its reverence by selecting a work so revolting in its story that our licenser of plays would not hear of its being given in the ordinary manner, but only as a private performance, with no money taken at the doors.

The honors of the acting fell to Alma Murray, an intelligent young actress, who is always terribly in earnest. She was the Beatrice, a character designed by the author with a view to suit Miss O'Neill, the beautiful and gifted tragedienne of some three score years ago. Miss Murray (who, by the way, has rendered good service in the Browning performances) made a big stride in her art by her acting of Shelley's heroine. The pity of it was that such ability should have been wasted on so useless a play. Hermann Vezin was the Count Cenci, and his acting, as might have been expected, was sound and scholarly.

But the Shelley Society has mainly distinguished itself by its publication of a little Green Book setting forth the "argument" of the play and describing, with somewhat redundant detail, the precise nature of the crimes of which history accuses Count Francesco Cenci. All sorts and conditions of newspaper writers have shed ink to denounce this offence not only against good manners, but even against common decency. Hence the Shelley Society is now notorious and the little Green Book is in greater demand than ever.

The matinee season has set in early this year, and is already raging with unusual severity. This week we have already had four, without counting the regular afternoon performances at certain houses, and the cry is still they come. These shows are more tolerable and to be endured when they are organized for the benefit of some popular player, for then a vast assorted programme is sure to be provided. "Matineering" is now, indeed, quite a fashionable amusement among us, and is much affected by the light and leading of the profession. The company is a bit mixed perhaps sometimes, but this has its compensations, for the chorus girl and the element imparts life and color to what might otherwise be unduly high-toned, not to say depressing.

We started on Monday with Violet Cameron's benefit at the Avenue; then on Wednesday there was Fred Leslie's at the Gaiety, when David Garrick formed a prominent item in the bill, and David Garrick's real original old armchair (as per affidavit) was kindly lent for the occasion by the committee of the Green Room Club; also on the same afternoon, at the Vaudeville, we had a new Lady Teazle in the shape of Miss Kitty Vaughan—and a very charming shape, too, which nobody can deny; and then, to crown all the dramatic students

have to-day broken out in a fresh place—the Royalty, to wit—and have disinterred from the dust of ages a play called *The King of the Commons*, which was written by a stage-stricken clergyman in the long-ago, before some of the present Church and State guilders were born or even thought of.

Of this batch, fair Violet's matinee is the only one likely to interest folk on your side, inasmuch as she played the piece she is going to bring with her when she comes over to see you presently. This is a three-act opera bouffe entitled *The Commodore*, music by Offenbach, words by Farnie and Reece. It turned out to be an old friend with a new face, and is, in fact, a touched-up version of *The Creole*, which Albert Millaud and Offenbach did for the Bouffe Parisiens in 1875, and which, being Englished by F. and R., was produced at the London Folly, now Toole's, in September, 1877, and being found to drag in its original form, was eventually compressed into a single act. The story is simple enough, and is not without humor. The Commodore is a fiery old sea dog—French, of course. He has a daughter, Antoinette, and a nephew, Rene, and, not knowing what to do with them, he commands them to marry each other at once. But Antoinette loves Frontignac, a little notary, and Rene loves Zoe, a big Creole; and whenever the Commodore has particularly set his heart upon carrying any project through, his Port Admiral is sure to fire three guns as a signal that he (the Commodore) must go on board his ship at once. So Rene alters the marriage contract, and Frontignac takes his place and marries Antoinette; but presently the Commodore turns up with Zoe, and they have to pretend that Rene is the husband. The complications which then ensue are particularly opera bouffeish, and all concerned have a high old time. Eventually each Jack gets his appropriate Jill, and all ends happily.

When this piece was played at the Folly nine years ago, John Howson played the Commodore. His song about "The Warbling Cobbler" was one of the funniest things I ever heard. Kate Munroe was the Creole, Zoe, and Violet Cameron played Antoinette. Violet has now cast herself for the dashing Rene, and looks the part. Antoinette is played by Madeleine Shirley, a handsome young lady with a pleasing voice, and Colette D'Anka (the old-time heroine of the pocket-pistol) makes a most imposing somewhat mature Zoe. Lionel Brough's humor as the Commodore is of a somewhat ponderous type, and we hear nothing about "The Warbling Cobbler"; but Arthur Roberts as the little notary is screamingly funny. The music is bright and tuneful, and if not absolutely in Offenbach's best vein, is certainly by no means in his worst. *La Creole* was, I believe, the eighty-first of the series of eighty-nine operas or operettas for which this most prolific composer is responsible. I should say that *The Commodore* will be popular, both here and on the other side.

Two comic operas in one day might be considered too much of a good thing, even if they were both good. When one of them is very much otherwise, the state of him who has to endure both is so much the less gracious. The Lily of Leoville, which took a trial trip at Birmingham last week, was produced at the Comedy on Monday evening. It took four people to tend this Lily and to get her ready for public exhibition. These were Ivan Caryll, the composer; Felix Remo, who did the French libretto; Alfred Murray, who did the English dialogue, and Clement Scott, who furnished the English lyrics. And yet, after all this attention, the new comic operas did not succeed. The reason is not far to seek. The music, which was said to be lovely, is merely tuneful and reminiscent, the dance measures alone showing any special brilliancy. Caryll, who is a young Belgian, has a good memory and can assimilate gracefully. But, then, all the new music nowadays seems very much like what we have heard before. As for the story, there is none worth mentioning. It seems to me as though the librettist had taken an old French melodrama and carefully squeezed out all the blood, the thunder and the backbone, and dropping in some songs and dances, served up the result as comic opera. They have certainly avoided the dropping in of any humor which might have given it a vertebrate reason for existence. The dialogue consists of equal parts of bald drivel and balderdash—or would do so but that there is no dash about it at all. The only people worth mentioning in the cast are C. Hayden Coffin and Mile, Agnes Delaporte. The grand stage management which Richard Barker has lavished upon the piece is worthy of a better cause.

C. Scott's lyrics have been bountifully buttered by the London press. This is perhaps natural, as nowadays nearly all dramatic critics write plays, and—but no matter!

Charles Wyndham's new piece, *The Circasian*, is to be put on at the Criterion next Saturday night. The volatile Charles will play the lead, which his name is Schamyl. This piece is founded on Blavet and Carre's *Voyage en Caucase*, which was done at the Paris Renaissance in November, 1884—Willie Edouin has bought of Maurice de Verney, a minor actor at the St. James', a farcical comedy adapted from Clairville's *Ma Niece et Mon Ours*. An English version of this, by Henry Herman, was done at the Folly some years ago under the title of *My Niece and My Monkey*.

Uncles and Aunts is the title of the new Lestocq and Everard's farce. Mr. Overton has taken over the Square Theatre.—Helen Barry (more like Helen of Avoirdupois than Helen of Troy) is doing *Led Astray* at the Haymarket on Thursday evening. She will produce two new pieces. One is a drama called *The Kennel of Virginia*, the other a one-act piece entitled *Houp La!*—On Thursday morning David James will have a benefit matinee at the Gaiety. He will appear as Tweedle, in Albery's two-act comedy, *Tweedle's Rights*, which was done at the Vaudeville about fourteen years ago. It is James' best character to my thinking.—Lord's Martyrdom, a new one-act tragedy by A. C. Calmoun (who used to be W. G. Wells' secretary) will also be on the bill. W. Varley and "Pot" Stephens are to have a matinee at the Gaiety on the following day. They will offer, among other things, a new one-act drama from their own pens. It is entitled *Hand and Heart*. GAWAIN.

Professional Doings.

—John T. Craven has joined the Reimond Barry company.

—Elliott Barnes has written an Irish comedy for Pat Rooney.

—Harry Miner and a party of friends are in the interior of the State on a fishing trip.

—C. G. Craig is in Chicago, where he would like to hear from managers bound westward.

—Some people go to the theatre in automobiles and others in street cars.—*Western Exchange*.

—Anna Langdon is re-engaged by Edmund Harrigan for next season at the New York Theatre.

—Next week, in this city, Baker and Varney close season and their fifteen or sixteen years' partnership.

—Hugo, a play which is the property of Elsie Barnes, will be produced this week in Middletown, Ct.

—Mr. Baker, of Baker and Varney, will stick to Gray and Lenn next season. He has strong faith in it.

—The McMillan and the T. P. Minstrels are having a fortnight's friendly rivalry in the city.

—The French Opera House, New Orleans, is for rent. The Merchants' Mutual Insurance Company in that city invite bids for the house.

—Stanley Macy's company, in *The Kingdom*, will shortly close a successful season of thirty-seven weeks. Next season still open on Sept. 5.

—Rooms in Adelphi Hall, Fifty-second street and Seventh avenue, are for rent for rehearsals. The facilities are excellent and the terms moderate.

—Woolf Marks conducted the vocal recital for Mary Anderson's engagement at the New Theatre last week. He sang in the chorus of *As You Like It*.

—During Helen Denny's absence in Europe her business will be attended to by William R. Hayden and Walter E. Hayden. The latter is her secretary.

—The stage children of this city will have an outing at Pocahontas Lake, Central Park, on June 30. The Park Commissioners have ordered the use of the grounds.

—Genevieve Lytton is disappointed for next season. Miss Lytton has been playing *Philo*, *Ophelia*, *Sebastian* (*Twelfth Night*), *Queen* (*Richard III.*) and other standard roles.

—W. H. Rosenthal and Kenneth Lee have written a three-act "typical burlesque" for Adah Richmond. It will be produced at the People's Theatre next season, and will, if successful, star the principal stars.

—Thomas Martin, leading singing comedian, is at liberty. Mr. Martin, who is the youngest actor in his line on the boards, is about to close a very long and successful tour with Adelaide Randall's Bijou Opera company.

—The following are the principal members of the company engaged to support Miss Levere, who opens at the Lenox Theatre, Brooklyn, E. D., next Monday night: Alexander Selvi, Hudson Linton, F. A. Tamhill, Harry Pratt, L. F. Reed, George De Forest and Laura Johnson.

—Joseph F. Hill has secured the management of the Park Opera House at Erie, Pa., for next season. Mr. Hill has been C. G. White's assistant manager at the same house during the present season. Having had twenty years' experience as a stage manager, he gives personal supervision to the staging of plays. He will try to secure for Erie a strong line of attractions, and has already booked Barrett, Rhea and Janish; also several leading opera companies, including McCaull's.

—H. C. de Mille, of the Madison Square Theatre, will probably produce his new railroad drama in four acts, entitled *The Main Line*, at that house during the Summer. In the play will be given numerous realistic scenes of telegraph offices in working order, railroad depots, moving railroad trains filled with passengers, and many other mechanical devices, in the construction of which Mr. De Mille is being ably assisted by Mr. Bernard, the inventor of the revolving house in Mettayer's *We, Us & Co.*, and other stage devices.

—The Boston Theatre has been leased to Charles A. Watkins, manager of Adah Gray, for the Summer season. Mr. Watkins says he will open the house on June 7, and that during the Summer it is his intention to play good dramatic and comic opera combinations at popular prices. Prior to the opening of the house, extensive alterations and improvements will be made in it. Cafes and gardens will be added, and everything done to make it a first-class Summer theatre. As yet he has not made definite arrangements for the opening attraction.

—Harry Doel Parker has engaged the following company for the production of *Conquest* and Pettit's melodrama, *Bound to Success*, at Niblo's Garden on June 7: Augustus Cook, James E. Wilson, Gus Reynolds, Charles J. Hagan, J. Morton Price, Arthur Spang, Clarence Montaine, W. D. Stone, Fred Jerome, George H. Shepard, W. P. Kins, Louis Blair, Nellie Pierce, Merri Osborne and Eugene Mitchell. Augustus Cook, who played the leading male role, appeared in the drama during a part of its long run in England, and Gilmore are sparing no pains to make the stage settings complete in detail.

PROVINCIAL.

As the Central Theatre a really excellent performance given by Little Allyn's Japanese Minstrels, *Shogun* co., and *Samurai Specialty* co. Little Allyn is a really a remarkably clever. She has an extra

As the Central Theatre a really excellent performance given by Little Allyn's Japanese Minstrels, *Shogun* co., and *Samurai Specialty* co. Little Allyn is a really a remarkably clever. She has an extra

been doing splendid comedy work, to light business at the Palace. Next week, the company will present Miaco's Humpty Dumpty co. 23d, week. Next week, the company will present Miaco's Little Nigger.

At the People's, Burr Oaks played to light attendance. The leading role is taken by Percy Meldoni. K. Opera co. this week, Newton Beers 31st, week.

Standard. E. M. Kayne of the New Windsor orchestra at Campobello and concert party are back from Hong Kong, who reads *The Minnow* and will see this, as front of me at the Tivoli, the other evening, and some very rash remarks.—*Ed. Standard* and *Ed. Times*.

DETROIT.

There was comparative quiet in theatrical circles last week, no major attractions slugging at either box or house. At Whitney's Grand the English Odeon co. presented *Iolanthe* 27th, 28th and night to small houses. The reduction of the opera was very popular, more than other work by this co. Next on Barrett's bill will appear the theatre in *Only a Woman Heart* and *Only a Farmer's Daughter* week of 29th. There is nothing booked for the Detroit this week.

Arena: John B. Doris' Circus, coming from
paugh's, ad.

MICHIGAN
KALAMAZOO
Academy of Music (B. A. Hall, manager)

(continued on next page)

NEW YORK MIRROR

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HARRISON GREY FISKE, EDITOR

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MIRROR LETTER-LIST.

Anderson, W. E.
Addison, Grace
Arnold, Charles
Bach, Lillian (a)
Alvin, F. J.
Abeling, Mrs.
Andrews, W. B.
Anderson, F. A.
Austin, Anne
Barnes, W. B.
Bosser, Marjorie (a)
Bretman, Eugene
Buckner, H. D.
Burke, Charles (a)
Brierty, Thomas
Buckley, T. W. H.
Bury, E. C. (a)
Bury, F. B.
Bower, Chas. (a)
Bowers, Mrs. D. P.
Billings, Lillian
Burr, Bob
Buckley, Harry
Barrows, Jas.
Bass, John
Blumenthal, Geo. A.
Corvill, Blanche
Cappellini, Sig. Eugenio
Curran, J.
Chen, Grace L.
Crawford, Prof.
Crawford, Lettie
Cohen, Julia
Courtney, Harry
Crawford, J. H.
Cooper, F. B.
Dillon and Steadman
Dickson, James B.
Dorson, Ben
De Dabo, Schott
Deren, David Van
Depont, Emmerly
Devonport, S. L.
Eliot, Lillian
Foster and Warrington
Gibbs, Robert P. (a)
Gannett, Wm. T.
Gray, Robt.
Goodwin, F.
Golland, Campbell
Gardner, F. L.
Gass, Clara
Granville, Homer
Gray, Alice
Griffith, Marion
Goodwin, E. B.
Harris, Capt. Daniel
Harley, Claude B.
Hester, David (a)
Howe, J. P.
Hunt, Ella
Hill, Con. A.
Hart, Francis K.
Harris, W. F.
Harding, Roger
Hart, John
Hawkins, Lawrence
Johnson, J. P.
Jensen, S. P.
Johnson and Montague
Jeffreys, Ida
Kane, J. H.
Kane, Marc
Kane, T. W.
Lawrence, Laurie
Laminger, J. J.
Lynch, M. A.
Lester, Marion
Lester, Minnie C.

*The New York Mirror has the Largest Dramatic Circulation in America.

The Benefit Nuisance Again.

The benefit business has this year grown to its old proportions. When the Actors' Fund was inaugurated one of the strongest arguments brought to bear in its favor was the relief it would afford the profession at large from individual appeals upon their punes and their services, by caring for the sick, burying the dead and judiciously distributing aid where it was really required. For a time the Fund was permitted to virtually control the eleemosynary work of the guild, and how fairly, thoroughly and decently the charitable duties were performed its records gloriously demonstrate. During this period actors were relieved of the demands upon their time and means that formerly were common, while the play-going public were given a happy respite from the importunities of the beneficiary. Now the old order of things is afloat again, and the benefit business is once more becoming a crying nuisance. If the friends of a popular player wish to make him the recipient of a testimonial, there can be no special objection; but on the general principle that such performances indirectly weaken the work of the Fund, their prevalence is deplorable. Why will the profession not unite and bestow what time and labor they are able to give for benevolent objects to the institution that has the most just and urgent claim upon their good offices? Why will actors consider the requirements of good-fellowship superior to those of actual charity? Why is the effort to enlist their sympathy and aid so heartily refused, while any

popular player or broken-down manager can use them at will for the purpose of paying the expenses of a trip to Europe or regaining a financial footing? If the money that is annually raised by this means and put into the pockets of a few individuals were to go to the treasury of the Fund, that institution would be in a position to provide for every case of professional destitution in the land. At present its resources are limited to providing for the wants of the sick and giving respectable interment to the pauper dead. The profession should give over its oft-times indiscreet generosity in the matter of promiscuous testimonials and benefits and rally to the support of the charitable organization in whose success every member should feel a personal responsibility.

How to Justify Exaltation.

We hold the fashion of naming children, who have no voice in the matter, after notorious or celebrated persons, living or dead, to be vicious and of exceedingly disturbing influence. To put upon a poor child to carry the burthen of some doughty warrior or declamatory statesman, is to handicap him heavily for life. The child has a right to his unhampered individuality to work out his own destiny without being obstructed at every step by the suggestion of some dominating live or dead man to whom he is in no wise related and of whom he has no personal knowledge.

On a larger scale and more open field the same mock-auction spirit prevails and spreads through the country like a disease, which we would gladly see dropped as of no good influence. We refer to the constant gauge of merit by associating the name and works of home writers and the belongings of our country with those of supposed prototypes on the other side of the water. It is the American Dickens, our own Balzac, the American Rhine and so on down and up the catalogue.

This picayune trade we regard as extremely belittling and seriously retards the growths of our own soil, for names have a power and obsequiousness; senility and imitation some follow in the direction of arts that have a known designation and a shining and acknowledged career. Fortunately we have not had much of this cheap style of aggrandizement in the sphere of the drama. Is this an open confession that we have no dramatist worthy to associate with the names of Shakespeare, Sheridan, Goldsmith and other British playwrights of standard excellence? And so we might traverse other departments of art and find our presumptuous countrymen falling back before the supreme excellence of Mozart and Flaxman and Raphael.

To justify the exaltation of our artists by coupling their names with the great reputations of the world, they must do the great work and thus command a seat upon the upper benches and a grouping with the immortal constellations. By our present course our mediocre artists are rather belittled than exalted; attention is drawn away from the American to his greatly lauded and magnified godfather and prefix, and is placed upon a far-off superior and acknowledged lord of the ascendant.

The literature and drama of England, as our nearest example, rest on a basis too firm and independent to require any such perfunctory adjuncts. Hogarth is Hogarth, Sheridan is no other than Sheridan and Edmund Kean needs no placebo from a foreign court to go on his way, illuminating his course by no mirrored light, and claiming no baptismal record other than one established by his own merit. It is because our country is overrun with colonial subservience and the imitative ambition of incompetent pupillage that we are landed in our present slough of despond as regards our dearest intellectual and artistic interests.

The Campbell Benefit.

The following programme has been arranged for the performance to take place at Niblo's Garden, on the afternoon of June 3, for the benefit of Mrs. Bartley Campbell: Second act of The Little Tycoon, Thatcher, Primrose and West's Minstrels, scene from Ingomar, by Miss Hooker, niece of General Hooker; the Vokes Comedy company, Helen Dauvray in French songs, Mrs. D. P. Bowers in the letter scene from Queen Elizabeth, supported by Joseph Wheelock and her own company; the McCaul Opera company, the Casino Opera company, McNish, Johnson and Slavin's Minstrels, the second act of The White Slave, with the original cast; Frank Mayo in the second act of Nordeck, the Magnolia Quartette, and The Tin Soldier. Leon J. Vincent has volunteered to act as stage manager. The doors will open at 12 and the performance begin at 1.

Samuel Colville, treasurer of the benefit fund, is in receipt of the following sums up to date: \$100 from the N. Y. Lodge of Elks for first choice of seats; Charles H. Hoyt, \$100,

for second choice; R. M. Hooley, \$50, for gallery ticket; Colonel Sinn, \$50, as a donation, and Helen Hooker, \$50, with volunteer of services accepted.

Personal.



EVRE.—It is not known what disposition, if any, Sophie Eyre has made of her services for next season. Miss Eyre's handsome face appears above this paragraph.

MODJESKA.—Mme. Modjeska leaves for Yellowstone Park to-day.

STANLEY.—Alma Stuart Stanley will shortly take a trip abroad for her health.

PAULTON.—Harry Paulton returned to Europe by the City of Rome yesterday.

HUTTON.—James S. Hutton, a Cincinnati manager, will shortly become a Benedict.

MARSDEN.—Fred Marsden and his family have gone to Schroon Lake for the Summer.

POST.—Mrs. E. M. Post has arrived in the city from the Theatre Royal, Ottawa, Ont.

HEUCK.—Manager Heuck, of Cincinnati, has gone to Hot Springs to remain until July.

HALLOCK.—Agnes Hallock is singing in opera for an indefinite season in Kansas City.

MURPHY.—A few more seasons such as the one just closing will make Joseph Murphy a millionaire.

LEWIS.—Jeffreys Lewis recently declined to become leading lady of Harry Lacy's Planter's Wife company.

VER PLANCK.—Mrs. J. Campbell Ver Planck is in the city, stopping at the Hotel Shelburn, Fifth avenue and Thirty-sixth street.

MACKAY.—John A. Mackay is a brother-in-law of Willie Edouin. The comedians married the sisters Alice and Lavinia Atherton.

CRANE.—Seth M. Crane, of opera fame, has abandoned the stage, and is now travelling in the interest of a soda fountain concern.

BELASCO.—Daniel Frohman has engaged David Belasco to fill the position of stage manager at the Lyceum Theatre next season.

BOOTH.—Last week, in Boston, at a breakfast, Edwin Booth's baby grand daughter presented Signor Salvini with a miniature Italian flag.

ST. QUINTE.—Lizzie St. Quinten has been engaged to play the principal female part in The Bridal Trap, shortly to be produced in Chicago.

HASTREITER.—Mme. Helene Hastreiter will not be connected with the American Opera company next season. She goes abroad for a number of years.

JACKSON.—Fannie C. Jackson is engaged with the Ford Dramatic company for the Summer. She left for Savannah on Tuesday to join that organization.

EMMETT.—Ex-Manager William Emmett, of Chicago, is lying in a hospital in that city in a very critical condition. There is very little hope of his recovery.

BRANDON.—Olga Brandon has been engaged to create the leading part in Harry Pitt's new play, The Baron, which is to be produced in this city on Monday, June 7.

ARTHUR.—Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Arthur have arranged to Summer with Frank Maeder, the well-known manager of the Salisbury Troubadours, at Long Branch.

RHEA.—Mme. Rhea will close her season on June 30 and sail for Paris a week later. She will open next season in the middle or latter part of August in Canada.

PAULTON.—Harry Paulton left for England yesterday. He enjoyed his American visit thoroughly and promises himself the pleasure of another trip to this side at an early date.

RICHMOND.—Adah Richmond reached New York from New Orleans by the steamer Hudson early on Tuesday morning. A party made up of her friends sailed down the Bay to meet her.

WHITECAR.—W. A. Whitecar, who has been supporting Rose Coghlan for some weeks, is at liberty for next season. Mr. Whitecar is a talented actor, and is seldom or never out of an engagement.

ANDERSON.—Mr. Abbey wanted Miss Anderson to play another week at the Star Theatre. The lady refused. It is whispered that she had become thoroughly tired of Mr. Abbey's management.

BOWERS.—Mrs. D. P. Bowers is engaging a strong company to support her next season. Among others engaged are Joseph Wheelock, John A. Lane and Jennie Carroll. Mrs. Bowers will appear on Monday night at Harry Edwards' benefit, and also at the benefit to Mrs. Bartley Campbell on June 3.

MELDON.—Percy Meldon, star of Burr Oaks, and Minnie M. Kissell, leading lady of the

same company, were married in Cleveland last Saturday. Mr. and Mrs. David K. Higgins acted as best people.

SANGER.—Frank Sanger has won a new hat from Al. Hayman on a bet of the latter's that the receipts of the Bunch of Keys company, at the Baldwin Theatre, San Francisco, would not reach \$5,000 in the two weeks.

WELBY.—Bertha Welby will return to this city from Rochester about the first of July. She is at present attending by the bedside of her invalid father in that city. Her portrait appears on the title-page of this week's MIRROR.

LYTTON.—Genevieve Lytton has closed with Louise Pomeroy's company, in which she played leading parts and received marked recognition from the press for her clever acting. Miss Lytton has not signed for next season.

PRICE.—Manager E. D. Price is making a name for himself in California as a writer for the stage. In "tampering with and modernizing" the burlesque Ali Baba he is reported to have shown himself to be very clever with the pen.

BROWN.—Alice Brown, a clever actress, has signed to play the second line of business next season with Robson and Crane, filling Luciana in The Comedy of Errors and corresponding parts in Twelfth Night and The Merry Wives of Windsor.

PRESCOTT.—Marie Prescott has been so successful in New Orleans that she has decided to remain another fortnight. Her performance of Galatea pleased the press and the public, and hereafter her name will have a potent charm for Crescent City theatre-goers.

KING.—De Loss King, light comedian and character actor, is at liberty for next season. During three seasons with Gus Williams Mr. King made quite a reputation as the Masher and the Jockey in two plays of the dialect comedian's repertoire. Mr. King will spend the Summer at Pawling, N. Y.

DARRELL.—Frederic Darrell finishes his engagement with Lydia Thompson on Saturday. The following week he will join his wife, Irene Verona, at Chicago, where Evangeline starts in for a Summer season at Hooley's. Later Mr. Darrell expects to make a brief visit to London, turning early in the Autumn.

BARRETT.—Lawrence Barrett appears with McKee Rankin's stock company at the California Theatre, San Francisco, opening May 31, in a series of Shakespearean revivals: Julius Caesar, Merchant of Venice, Much Ado About Nothing, Othello, Hamlet and Richard III. are to be done with spectacular effects. Later advices say that Mr. Barrett has been estopped by Al. Hayman.

MILN.—George C. Miln is already writing his "experiences of the stage." Since he has been on the stage but a bare three years, his assurance is something sublime. Still, if Mr. Miln will give a truthful account of his "experiences," he will furnish some interesting reading. But he is not likely to do so. It is to be marvelled at that Mr. Miln does not use the word "reminiscences" instead of "experiences."

ETHEL.—By the death of her husband, Francis W. Tracy, Agnes Ethel Tracy comes into the possession of two millions. Miss Ethel left the stage on her marriage, and has since lived in retirement in Buffalo. She has appeared in occasional performances for charities. She is said to have been once a poor sewing-girl and to have been employed by the late Matilda Heron. Her first dramatic success was in the role of Frou-Frou in this city, in which she was supported by Clara Morris. Recently her name became prominent through her suit against Mme. Janish, who was accused of appropriating the play Agnes, written for Miss Ethel by Sardou, under the title Anselma. Mrs. Tracy, after proving her proprietary rights, made a present of the play to Mme. Janish.

Ingersoll's "Prose Poems."

Some of Robert G. Ingersoll's strongest supporters and warmest admirers are numbered among the men and women of the dramatic profession. The fervid eloquence, the brilliant wit, the rich poetical fancy and the broad philanthropy of this great orator and thinker appeal with irresistible force to actors, whose keen sympathies and responsive mentality render them singularly and happily appreciative of the golden words dropped from the lips of such a man. They cannot fail, therefore, to be grateful that the brightest jewels of Ingersoll's thought have been gathered and published in an appropriately beautiful form. And these "Prose Poems and Selections" are a veritable treasure-house to the reader.

Ingersoll is not "understanded of the people." He is falsely called "the great iconoclast;" he is looked upon by thousands—to whom his name is the synonym of iniquitous disbelief and who for the most part have formed their estimate of his views not from personal knowledge but by evil report and irresponsible hearsay—as a blatant blasphemer; he is denounced from the pulpit and execrated in the pew; he is ignorantly misconstrued, misquoted and misunderstood. This is the inevitable penalty of upholding liberty of thought, action and speech. Those who dare not slip the leash of prejudice find agreeable occupation in vilifying those who do. To differ in one's opinions from the opinions of others is little less than a crime even in these enlightened days.

PROSE POEMS AND SELECTIONS, Robert G. Ingersoll. Quarto, 245 pp. Steel engraving of the author and autographic fac-simile. New York: C. P. Farrell.

While we do not mean to indorse or oppose Ingersoll's theological beliefs and disbeliefs, we do not like to see them grossly distorted nor the remarkable purity and integrity of the man impugned. And we think that the volume to which this article is devoted will do much to set the author in a just light before his countrymen, as well as furnish pleasure to those who share his ideas. We are certain that no man or woman, Christian or infidel, can peruse these "Prose Poems" without feeling respect for the sincerity and admiration for the genius of the massive mind that conceived them. The fragments cover a great variety of topics, and they furnish some striking examples of the virility of his arguments, his classic simplicity and purity of expression, and the surpassing beauty of his style. The thoughts are those of one who truly loves his fellow-men; who hates sham, falsehood and superstition; who studiously advocates principles that concern the best interests of humanity; who takes a cheery, healthy, hopeful view of life and vigorously resents the popular impression that this is but a vale of tears. There are gleams of sunshine in every page, glittering gems of epigram, tender sympathy with the frailties of mankind, rare insights into the beauties of nature and passages of eloquent English that thrill the soul and stir the blood. We have space for but a few quotations—yet these will serve as an index to the contents of this work:

The peroration of an address delivered in this city before the Grand Army of the Republic: "But what of those who fell? There is no language to express the debt we owe, the love we bear to all the dead who died for us. Words are but barren sounds. We can but stand before their graves and in the hush and silence feel what speech has never told. They fought, they died; and for the first time since man has kept a record of events, the heavens bent above and domed a land without a seer, a servant or a slave."

From a tribute to his dead brother: "He believed that happiness is the only good, reason the only torch, justice the only worship, humanity the only religion, and love the only priest. He added to the sum of human joy; and were everyone to whom he did some loving service to bring a blossom to his grave, he would sleep to-night beneath a wilderness of flowers. Life is a narrow vale between the cold and barren peaks of two eternities. We strive in vain to look beyond the heights. We cry aloud, and the only answer is the echo of our wailing cry. From the voiceless lips of the unrepenting dead there comes no word; but in the night of death hope sees a star and listening love can hear the nestle of a wing."

At a child's grave: "Every cradle asks us 'Whence?' and every coffin 'Whither?' The poor barbarian, weeping above his dead, can answer these questions just as well as the robed priest of the most authentic creed. No man, standing where the horizon of a life has touched a grave, has any right to prophesy a future filled with pain and tears."

Of Freedom: "Is it a small thing to quench the flames of hell with the holy tears of pity; to unbind the martyr from the stake; break all the chains of tyrants; out the bloody hands of the Church from the white throat of Science? Is it a small thing to make men truly poor—to destroy the dogmas of ignorance, prejudice and power—the poisoned fables of superstition, and drive from the beautiful face of earth the fiend of fear?"

Of Originality: "An argument is new until it has been answered. An argument is absolutely fresh and has upon its leaves the dew of morning, until it has been refuted. Substance is eternal; forms are new. So in the human mind certain ideas, or in the human heart certain passions, are forever old; but genius forever gives them new forms, new meanings; and this is the perpetual originality of genius."

Of Voltaire: "Voltaire was the intellectual autocrat of his time. From his throne at the foot of the Alps he pointed the finger of scorn at every hypocrite in Europe. He was the pioneer of his century. He was the assassin of superstition. Through the shadows of faith and of fable, through the darkness of myth and miracle, through the midnight of Christianity, through the blackness of bigotry, past cathedra and dungeons, past rack and stake, past altar and throne he carried, with chivalric hands, the sacred torch of reason."

The Infidel: "In looking at the cathedral he remembered the dungeon. The music of the organ was not loud enough to drown the clank of fetters. He could not forget that the taper had lighted the faggot. He knew that the cross adorned the hilt of the sword, and so where others worshipped, he wept."

At the tomb of Napoleon: "I thought of the orphan and widows he had made—of the tears that had been shed for his glory, and of the only woman who ever loved him, pushed from his heart by the cold hand of ambition. And I said I would rather have been a French peasant and worn wooden shoes. I would rather have lived in a hut with a vine growing over the door and the grapes growing purple in the amorous kisses of the Autumn sun. I would rather have been that man, and gone down to the tongueless silence of the dreamless dust, than to have been that imperial impression of force and murder known as Napoleon the Great."

Of free will: "Is it not possible that each brain is a field, where all the senses sow the seeds of thought? Some of these fields are mostly barren, poor and hard, producing only worthless weeds; and some grow sturdy oaks and stately palms; and some are like the tropic world, where plants and trees and vines seem royal children of the soil and sun."

Of Love: "Love is the magician, the enchanter, that changes worthless things to joy and makes right royal kings and queens of common clay. It is the perfume of that wondrous flower, the heart, and without that sacred passion, that divine savor, we are less than beasts; but with it earth is heaven and we are gods."

Beethoven's Sixth Symphony: "This sound-wrought picture of the fields and woods, of flowering fields and happy home, where thrushes build and swallows fly, and mothers sing to babes; this echo of the babbling lullaby of brooks that, dallying, wind and fall where meadows bare their daisied bosoms to the sun; this joyous mimicry of Summer rain, the laugh of children; and the rhythmic rustle of the whispering leaves; this strophe of peasant life; this perfect poem of content and love."

Not to Return to the Stage.

John E. Owens was sitting in an easy-chair on the verandah of a hotel in a Southern city, the other day, when a MIRROR representative approached him. He was reading a copy of that journal, which he dropped when addressed and extended a friendly greeting. During a pleasant chat the representative dropped this remark:

"A stray newspaper paragraph recently appeared to the effect that you were about to return to the stage, Mr. Owens, and that you would be associated with several well-known actors next season. Is there any truth in it?"

"None whatever. Now, is a man in my enfeebled health"—rising slowly and with some difficulty—"in a fit condition to travel about the country professionally? At present I haven't the slightest intention of returning to the stage. My future plans will be governed by my health. I may spend the Summer on my Maryland farm, or, if I am strong enough, cross the ocean. Charleston's mild climate improved me considerably Winter before last, and I may spend the coming Winter there. As to my theatre in that city, I have no alterations or other improvements in contemplation. The house will be thoroughly renovated, however."

Mr. Owens moves about with difficulty, but does not use any support—not even a cane.

THEY FAVOR'S COL. Cleveland, 27, 28, 29.

MISCELLANEOUS.
BRISTOL'S EQUUSCULUM: Fort Wayne, Ind., 24, week; Indianapolis, 31, week; Chicago, June 7—10, definite.
ELLERAY'S HIBERNATION: Toronto, 24, week.
MRS. GRAY TOM THUMB: Detroit, 24, week.
MICRO HUMPHY DUFFY CO.: Zanesville, 31, week.
PROFESSOR MORRIS' EQUINE: Rochester, 24, week.
PROFESSOR SNOOK'S EQUINE: Pittsburgh, 24, week.
SANDUSKY: 31, week.
TOMMY DENIER: Denver, 24, week Colorado Springs, Col., 31; Pueblo, June 1; Canyon City, 2; Salida, 3; Leadville, 4, 5.

CIRCUSES.

ADAM FOREPAUGH'S: Parkhill, N. Y., 27; Fishkill, 28; Danbury, Ct., 29; New Haven, June 2.
BARNUM'S: Cincinnati, 27; Columbus, Ind., 28; Louisville, 29; Elizabeth, Ky., 31; Bowling Green, June 1; Nashville, 2; Hopkinsville, 3; Madisonville, 4; Evansville, Ind., 5; Vincennes, 7; Terre Haute, 8.
BUFFALO BILL'S WILD WEST SHOW: Chicago, 24, two weeks; Washington, 31, week.
COLA'S: Leavenworth, Kan., 27; Medina, Wis., 29.
COOP'S EQUUSCULUM: Chicago, 3, three weeks.
DUNN'S: Providence, 29; Brockton, Mass., 31; Fall River, June 2.
MILLER, ORRY AND FREEMAN'S: Cleveland, 24, two weeks; Buffalo, June 7, two weeks.
NICK ROBERTS-GARDNER: Boston, 24, four weeks.
O'BRIEN'S: Philadelphia, 27, two weeks.
ORRIN BROS.: City of Mexico, April 1—definite.
FULLMAN AND CO.'S: Brockport, N. Y., 28; Medina, 29; Lockport, 31; Tonawanda, June 1; Suspension Bridge, 2.
REAR'S GREAT EASTERN: Detroit, Mich., 27, 28, 29; Monroe, 31; Toledo, June 1, 2.
SHIELDS': Chicago, May 1—definite.
WALLACE AND CO.'S: Grayville, Ill., 27; Bloomfield, 28; Bloomington, 29; Mount Pleasant, 31; Monticello, June 1; Champaign, 2; Clinton, 3; Wheatfield, 4; Somerset, 5; Jackson, 7.

Stage Stories.

XX.

A MIDNIGHT INCIDENT.

The train had come to a halt in the old cathedral city of York, England. I was a member of a theatrical company on board. The star was Charles Dillon, one of the best actors of his day—to my mind the best—and a royal good fellow. Those who liked him did not cease to admire him, but worshipped. I loved him as an artist and as a man. Fame and fortune were at his feet; the laurel crown was his; but he bartered all for the cup. Well do I remember his Belphegor the Mountebank. What a stage picture it was! It will be some time before its like is seen. But for the curse of the cup poor Charles Dillon would be alive to-day and one of our greatest actors. This majestic man among men died in a little out-of-the-way town in the British provinces, and is forgotten save by a few who ever do his memory reverence.

In my love for this sterling actor I have digressed. Let me return to York and the scene that was there to take place. The train was compelled to tarry some time before it could proceed on its journey. The night was bitter cold, and the commanding figure of Dillon paced the station platform. Let me pause to say that at this time the name of Charles Dillon was known to every lover of the legitimate drama in the British Isles. This will give emphasis to what is to follow. Mr. Dillon was chilled, and, being a man used to stimulants, he turned his steps toward the refreshment-room. A light was burning within; he tapped gently on the door, and a voice asked: "Who's there?" In those full, rich tones for which the actor was famous, he replied, "Mr. Charles Dillon." "What do you want?" "I should like to get a warming drink; I am perishing with the cold." "Can't open the door until the express arrives." No persuasion could swerve the menial servant from the strict letter of his midnight vigil, and the disappointed actor, pulling the collar of his great-coat about his ears, resumed his weary pacing of the platform.

Another train—not the express—arrived, and there emerged a tall, thin man, very loud in attire. In his hand he carried a cane with a gold head nearly as big as a door knob. This flashy fellow halted a moment in indecision, the head of his cane pressed to his cheek, and then made a bee-line for the refreshment-room. Down came the cane upon the door with three startling raps. "Who's there?" "George Leybourne, London come!" Presto! the door flew open, and the great man entered. Viewing this scene, as he did, the face of Charles Dillon, the actor, was a study. Chagrin was not depicted there. Disgust? No, not disgust. Surprise held first place; pain was a good second. But there was a conflict of emotions. Figuratively, the great tragedian had been knocked out by a comic singer; fame had been distanced by notoriety. Who was "George Leybourne, London come?" Well, he was a great man in his day—that is, a great man of his kind. He amused nobility, gentry and common folk with "Champagne Charlie." "After the Opera is Over," "Not for Joe," and a hundred other topical songs that brought ecstasy to the hearts of music-hall audiences. If he sang a ditty to-night, the next day the ragmuffins of London were whistling it. He filled dates at three or four music-halls in one night, and his coming at each was a matter of time-table exactness. The swell mob paid him homage, and great, if vulgar, was the style in which he lived.

Dillon and Leybourne—pardon for linking the two names in one sentence—have departed for the unknown world. Let us hope that the door has not been closed upon either. Their stations in life were widely different, but both yielded to the same temptation and fell through the same destroyer—the cup.

Be true to yourself at the start, my man;
 Be true to yourself and God.
 Ere you build your house mark well the spot;
 Test well the ground, and build you not
 On the sand or the slaking sod.

CHARLES FREW.

Stage Types.

NO. VI.—THE LEADING MAN.

"The glass of fashion and the mould of form, the observed of all observers"—at least

of all the foolish girls who haunt the theatre to worship at his shrine and who write letters begging to know the exact color of their hero's eyes. Is it any wonder that a man, young, handsome and impressionable, whose avocation predisposes him to sentiment, should often lose his head and overstep the narrow line that separates good style from coxcombry? Reginald Capulet was born of poor but decent parents in an English country town. His education was limited to the acquirement of the three R's—reading, riting and rithmetic—and he was destined by his father for the honorable, if obscure, position of a tailor. But the boy's soul soared above buttons and scorned the lap-board. From his earliest years he showed a disposition to spout rhyme, and a talent for mimicking everything in the way of character or eccentricity that came under his ken. His mother, greatly to his father's displeasure, encouraged the boy in these flights of fancy so unbecoming in the son of an honest tradesman, and many and acrimonious were the disputes on the subject of the lad's bringing up and his future fate should his spouting and mumbling be allowed to go on. In due time Reginald Capulet, born Smithers, was inducted into the mysteries of the sartorial bench, but the needle pricked his fingers and the goose burned the cloth on which he pressed it. He took to haunting the stage door of the town theatre that he might gaze in rapt admiration at the actors as they came and went. He even on one occasion attained to the honor of calling a cab for the star, a rapture that kept him awake for three nights. At last, by one of those chances that sometimes befriended us when we least expect it, the stage manager came to lodge at old Smithers' house. The lad was delighted. He made himself a perfect slave to this official; anticipated all his wants, ran his errands, and at last so ingratiated himself with Mr. Trowbridge that, a lad being wanted in the theatre to play a small part, Reginald was offered the glorious opportunity. The boy was frantic with delight, the father frantic with rage, and the mother frantic with the opposing emotions of fear of her husband's anger and pride in her son's genius, for to that she attributed the stage manager's offer. The storm in the family raged fiercely, but, like all storms, blew itself out at last, leaving Reginald and his mother safe and victorious, while the paternal bark was dismantled and waterlogged.

From that time the lad's fate was fixed. He was an actor; with varying fortune he struggled on and upward, till, at last, he found himself leading the business at a principal theatre in a great American city. Here he was fitted, made much of—in fact, made a fool of. The men dined and wined him, the women petted him, and the silly adored him. His salary, liberal beyond his merit, enabled him to live on equal terms with wealthy men and to give *petits soupers* at leading restaurants, where wine and wit sparkled brilliantly and flowed freely. Bright eyes beamed on the pet of the hour; rosy lips smiled, and fair hands trembled in his clasp. All this dream of delight lasted for two seasons. Reginald thought himself a demigod and gave himself airs accordingly. He was rapidly degenerating into a top, a mere curled darling, when lo! a fresh leading man arrived "from the other side" and burst upon the scene at a rival theatre. Presto! the scene changed. Sunshine gave place to clouds, daylight to dark. The fickle crowd rushed in mass to worship the rising sun, and Reginald's shrine was deserted. Reginald's violet eyes were eclipsed by the midnight orbs of the new god, and even as Gilbert's aesthetic girls deserted Bunthorne for Grosvenor, so did the American lasses drop Reginald and take up Roderick. It was a sore blow, but the native spirit of the man asserted itself. He pined for a while, but the end of the season saw Reginald himself again. With the money he had saved, and with the proceeds of his numerous benefits in the days of his godship, he pulled himself together, bought a play, started on the road, and is now one of our acknowledged stars. Sweet are the uses of adversity.

Driftwood.

Charles Frew, the comedian, relates a few stories that were told him, and some incidents that came under his personal observation, while travelling professionally in England and Ireland. Some years ago, at the Theatre Royal, Cork, a new sweeper, Pat O'Rourke, was just given employment. Going into a dressing room for the first time in his life, his eye caught the wire globe surrounding the gas jet. Dropping his broom and holding up his hands, he exclaimed, in the richest Corkonian patois: "I'm a long time in this wurrld, but that's the first time I liver saw gas caught in a mouse-trap!"

Two members of a small company reached a town, their next stand, in the wee hours, but could not find sleeping accommodations, as the Fair and races were on, and the place was filled with visitors. They solved their dilemma by going to the theatre to sleep. Before daylight one of them woke with a shiver and exclaimed, "Jim, I'm freezing." "No wonder," replied Jim; "we're sleeping in a 'cut wood'!" I'll get up and set a parlor." He did so, and the other passed into the land of dreams again, saying he felt much more comfortable.

Charles Dillon, a famous star in Britain and Ireland in his day, was introduced to Henry Irving when the name of the latter had just become a household word. "I was a member of your company at one time, Mr. Dillon," remarked Mr. Irving, with a gentle

beave of the chest. "Ah!" said Mr. Dillon, "my memory does not serve me; what was the date?" "Season of '57. You discharged me," replied the younger. "Discharged you—what for?" "Incompetency," said Irving, his chest swelling with the pride of conscious greatness and a feeling of superiority. "H'm," mused the elder, abstractedly. "I've discharged so many young men for incompetency. What are you doing now?"

An aged scrub-woman of the old Amphitheatre, Liverpool, now the Royal Court Theatre, lay upon her death-bed. The priest had come to minister the last sacrament. While he was thus engaged the old woman looked up wistfully and asked: "Yer reverence, will me sowl pass through Ireland on its way to Heaven?"

An old woman in Dublin calls upon a neighbor to exchange gossip. Her eye catches a photograph on the mantel-shelf. "Who's the fine gentleman there, Mrs. Reilly?" "Ah, don't mention 'im, Mrs. Molloy. He's wan o' them taythetrical play-actors. Once in awhile he gives me daughter Mary Ann seats for the pit, an' now he's puttin nonsense in her head about becomin' a fairy in what he calls the pantomime."

A little reminiscence of G. V. Brooke, the tragedian, related by Mr. Frew, who heard it in a green-room: Brooke was playing an engagement in a town in the English provinces. The leading lady complained that she was annoyed by a lot of young men in the boxes, who added insult when she was leaving the theatre. On the night of the complaint Mr. Brooke promised to protect her by his escort to her home. T. C. King was in the company, and he was equally indignant with Mr. Brooke. He wanted to accompany Mr. Brooke, believing the roughs would be a passer. The latter refused his aid, but Mr. King persisted in being an on-looker. On leaving the theatre the troublesome youths were met, impudently staring and blocking the path of the party. Mr. Brooke addressed them in French, saying: "Permettez les dames a passer." They paid no attention. "Permit the ladies to pass!" thundered Brooke in English. Thoroughly angered with their indifference to plain Saxon, the tragedian lifted the lady to the rear, opened his powerful arms and swept the swells into the gutter, and exclaimed "Faugh-a-ballagh!" This is Irish for "Clear the way." Taking the lady's arm, he walked on. King caught up with him and breathlessly said: "Bravo, Gus; you did that well." "Why, Tom, what was left for me?" replied Brooke. "I used diplomatic French, and it passed unheeded. I gave them Anglo-Saxon—no better effect. What was left me but the Irish?"

Barry Sullivan was rehearsing Macbeth at the Theatre Royal, Dublin, when John Harris was lessee. George Cordery, a Cockney of Cockneys, was the stage carpenter, and he was very much harassed by Sullivan. In the candle scene Sullivan called down a trap: "Mr. Cordery, do you know the exact cue for taking down the candle?" "Yes, Mr. Sullivan." "What is it?" "Eternal curses blast you! Nothing personal, Mr. Sullivan—nothing personal!"

Boucicault produced his failure, The O'Dowd, at the Royal Adelphi, London, some years ago. On the first night the last scene, a shipwreck, worked badly, and did not get a hand. Mr. Boucicault strengthened it for the second night, and it was applauded. Mr. Frew was in the cast. After the final curtain the comedian was making his way to his dressing room, when a stalwart Irish super tapped him on the shoulder and whispered: "Thin sea-wa-ve we ma-a-de wint with grea-t affection, didn't tha-y?"

James Dillon, the monopolist bill-poster of Dublin, is a well-known character of that city. He sometimes takes a hand in giving entertainments, and on such occasions presides in the box-office. At one time Mr. Dillon had a parrot that he was much attached to, and while he would be engaged in selling tickets the talkative bird would take a position near by. When there was much pressure at the window the ticket taker's well-known refrain was: "One at a time, gentlemen—one at a time; two for you—three for you; one at a time, gentlemen—one at a time." This was rapidly and unceasingly repeated as long as the pressure lasted. From his invisible perch, when the rush was over, the parrot would take up the refrain and startle some lonely buyer with, "One at a time, gentlemen," etc. The parrot in the box office became famous all over Dublin. One day the parrot was missing, and his much troubled master, after diligent search, offered a considerable reward for his recovery. The reward availed nothing; the bird seemed to be lost forever. In the course of his business the bill-poster was called to a suburban part of the city. Riding along a stretch of road that was skirted by a hedge his ears were gladdened by a familiar voice—"One at a time, gentlemen," etc. He alighted and ran to the spot, and there found poor Poll in a woful plight. A score of crows were flying above him and swooping down to peck at his feathers. His green plumage was nearly all gone, but he never ceased to cry: "One at a time, gentlemen—one at a time; two for you—three for you," etc.

When J. G. Johnson, comedian of Mary Anderson's late supporting company, was a young man and had just entered the profession, his occupant was covered with a fine suit of curling locks, with the exception that at the crown there was a bald spot about as large as a tuppenny. During one season the company of which he was a member was playing an engagement in Waterford, Ireland. It was Mr. Johnson's scrupulous habit to be shaved every morning and to have his hair dressed. On this errand he entered a shave-shop and was ushered into a chair by a loquacious barber. The "artist" had proceeded in his work so far as the combing of the ambrosial locks, when the bald spot arrested his attention and caused him solicitude. He turned his running remarks to the subject of baldness, and vowed he could bring back the hirsute to that little round spot. How? Simply by shaving it every day for three months. He thought, however, that it

would be better to have a shaven spot about three inches in diameter. After some discussion of the proposition, the actor consented to a trial of the razor. On tour he instructed every barber as to the shaving of his crown, and in due course reached Limerick. Here the barber objected to the shaving process, saying that the hair would never grow again on that three-inch spot. The sequel is that it didn't, retaining its three-inch smoothness to the present day. When Mr. Johnson found himself once more in Waterford he had a warm interview with barber number one, who was inexpressibly shocked at the mistake he had made. "There's but wan thing I can do to make amends," said he. "I'll shave yer whole head for nothin' an' make ye a present of a lovely wig!"

A member of the profession, who has evidently "been there" several times, sends THE MIRROR, through the medium of a postal-card, a poetic effusion thereunto:

The actors are now returning,
 They're coming from tour and far,
 Though their purses are slim,
 They're nobby and trim,
 From stiltiness to the star.

The managers may forsake 'em,
 And give 'em excuses lame;
 Their hearts may be sad,
 The roads may be bad,
 But they'll get here all the same!

A burly German bandmaster bustled into Eugene Brehm's restaurant, at 10 Union Square, the other night, and began to expatiate upon the merits of his horn-blowers. "I haf de finest little band in de country," said he. "Dere von't pe petter moosic at de seaside dis season. Now, dere's dat Mekoddo. I haf arranged dat opera for my band, and ve play it very fine. My clarinet-player—vell, he is very funny. He does something dat is a great hit. Ven ve come to dis moosic [here the bandmaster hummed the air of the well-known trio, "Here's a How D'ye Do"], my clarinet-player gets up and bows to de audience and says, 'How do you do?'"

Found on a dressing-room wall:
 On the dressing-room walls
 Most generally fall
 The names of the hams that are fresh;
 And no one can tell
 By what magic or spell
 They ever got in the profesh.

A tipsy Thesplan was causing much trouble to a Union Square barkeeper. His libations were so frequent that the dispenser of liquors began to cut down the quantity of the beer. Settling before the customer a glass that revealed three-quarters of an inch of amber at the bottom and three inches of white above, his indignation broke forth. "I don't object to turn down collars in my beer," he exclaimed, "but I draw the line at cuffs!"

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TELEGRAPHIC NEWS.

(SPECIAL TO THE MIRROR.)

RICHMOND, Va., May 25.—Adelaide Randall and the Bijou Opera company opened a week's engagement last night at the Theatre de Giraldo-Girofa. Notwithstanding strong counter-attractions, a large and fashionable audience was present. The company is not large, but fully makes up in quality what is lacking in quantity. A better performance has never been seen here.

ROCHESTER, May 26.—J. M. Hardie and Sara von Leer are doing quite well at the Academy, appearing in *A Brave Woman*. The play contains several strong scenes, and at times the dialogue is interesting. At the Grand Professor Morris' Equine and Canine Paradox is drawing crowded houses, and the entertainment is deserving of liberal patronage.

COLUMBUS, O., May 27.—The new Park Theatre was opened Monday night by the National Ideal Opera company in *The Mikado*. Bessie Gray, Alf. C. Wheelan and Mack Charles were received with favor. The house was large. At the Grand A Cold Day was received with favor by a good-sized house. Marie Heath and Messrs. Fisher and Wills were well received. The Leland Opera company is doing well at Hessehauser's.

BOSTON, May 25.—Sealed Instructions, by the Madison Square company, drew a crowded house at the Park. John T. Raymond in *Fresh*, at the Boston Museum; Pepita, at the Hollis Street Theatre; Shane-na-Lawn, at the Globe; A Soap Bubble, at the Boston Theatre; An Adamless Eden, at the Howard; The Streets of New York, at the Windsor; Vim, at the Bijou; the Nick Roberts-Gardner Circus, at the Park Square Gardens.

INDIANAPOLIS, May 26.—Harry C. McFarland, of this city, has purchased the Zoo. He will reopen it next Monday.

TORONTO, May 25.—Two great houses here yesterday. Splendid business.

TONY PASTOR.

COLUMBUS, O., May 25.—Cold Day, or, The Laspanders, opened at the Grand Monday night to a packed house. To-night turned people away.

MILLERS AND OKEY.

CHICAGO, May 24.—Marcelle and the company enacting it a complete success.

JOHN H. RUSSELL.

SANDUSKY, O., May 14.—Jennie Calef fell and broke her knee cap at the Opera House to-night. House was crowded. Season will have to close.

ANDREW WALDRON.

In the Courts.

MANAGER HILL'S BOOKS.

An important decision has been given by Chief Justice McAdam, of the City Court, growing out of the proceedings to determine whether Edward Solomon has any money to pay Mrs. Eliza M. Pond a judgment she holds against him. The lawyers for Mrs. Pond issued a subpoena to Manager J. M. Hill, requiring him to bring his books to court that it might be ascertained whether there was any money owing Mr. Solomon on the Pepita engagement. This was objected to on the ground that Mr. Hill's books contained much private business. Judge McAdam decided that Mr. Hill need not produce his books, saying: "Bankers and merchants, particularly if strangers to the litigation in question, should not be required to bring to court all their books at the instance of a judgment creditor who is willing to pay fifty cents for the liberty of inspecting them."

MACDONOUGH VS. CAMPBELL.

Thomas B. MacDonough was a partner with Bartley Campbell in the ownership of Siberia, holding a one-third interest. Before Mr. Campbell broke down physically and mentally Mr. MacDonough brought a suit in the Supreme Court against his partner with a view to get him out of his Siberia interest. He claimed that Mr. Campbell had not done his share in the management of the play. The suit went by default. The receiver of Mr. Campbell's property made a motion before Judge Donohue that he be permitted to defend the suit. This Judge Donohue has allowed him to do.

ECHOES OF A BOYCOTT.

Manager Gustav Amberg, of the Thalia Theatre, spent a few hours in the Fourth District Court on Saturday in listening to the trial of a suit brought against him by one of the former orchestra men at the theatre to recover salary. Early in the season Mr. Amberg engaged a band of twenty-seven musicians, who had come over from Germany, and who had landed quietly in Philadelphia. They came on to New York and were doing satisfactory work for Mr. Amberg, when the Carl Sahn Club learned of the engagement. A committee visited Mr. Amberg and demanded the discharge of the men. On Mr. Amberg's refusal, a boycott was instituted, and the theatre suffered therefrom to such an extent that the manager came to terms with the club, discharged the imported musicians, and employed a union band. One of the old musicians then sued for his salary. When called upon to testify, Mr. Amberg, after reciting the facts in the case, denied that he had made individual contracts with the members of the band, but said that all his dealings had been with Herrmann Brierfer, the director and leader of the orchestra. Brierfer had hired the men himself, and the boycott he had settled with Brierfer, paying him \$650, had secured a receipt of all claims. The plaintiff admitted that no contract had been made personally

with the manager, but thought that the latter was liable for his salary just the same. Judge Steckler held that as the musician had not made an individual contract with Mr. Amberg, he was not entitled to recover, and decided in favor of the manager.

There are several other cases pending in the courts in which musicians discharged on account of not being union men are suing for breach of contract.

BARTLEY CAMPBELL'S AFFAIRS.

A jury in the Supreme Court is to determine the mental condition of Bartley Campbell. Judge Lawrence granted an order directing that the jury meet on Monday, June 7, for that purpose. The petition was made by Mrs. Emma E. Campbell, the manager's wife, who says that her husband has been insane for at least eighteen months. His property is said to consist of an interest in the house and premises Nos. 307 and 309 East Eighty-first street; also the lease of the Fourteenth Street Theatre. This lease expires on Sept. 1, 1889, but proceedings are on foot to set it aside. Mr. Campbell also has an interest in his plays. According to Mrs. Campbell, all the property will not exceed \$10,000 in value. Mr. Campbell's property is now in the hands of a receiver. It is probable that the result of the jury's deliberation will be the appointment of a committee of Mr. Campbell's estate and person.

Australian Amusements.

SYDNEY, N. S. W., April 21.

At the Theatre Royal The Crimes of Paris, a six-act melodrama, by Paul Merritt and George Conquest, was produced for the first time in Australia last Saturday night, the cast being as follows:

Vicomte De Vismes..... Philip Beck
Pierre Belpont..... A. Redwood
The Dandy..... D'Arcy Stanfield
The Pin..... C. Harcourt
Jules Martel..... H. H. Vincent
Pepin Cardel, a detective..... G. S. Titheradge
Doctor Bernard..... W. H. Seagrave
Joshua Johnson..... J. H. Greville
Angele..... Maggie Knight
Helene..... Myra Kemble

The acting of The Crimes of Paris and Gordon and Henning's scenery were, as usual, magnificent. Philip Beck, who only arrived here by the *Iberia* a few days ago, plays the Viscount de Vismes. He is a young man of good appearance and wears his clothes like a gentleman. His conception of this character is a finished piece of acting, which has already established him a favorite with Australian playgoers. G. S. Titheradge appears as Pepin Cardel, the detective, a part quite unworthy of his talent. Myra Kemble has little to do as Helene, but she does that little well. Her costumes are admirable. Maggie Knight is cast as Angele, and acquits herself more than creditably, considering the poverty of her lines and business. H. H. Vincent scores numerous points as Jules Martel, the much-injured artisan, and D'Arcy Stanfield gives a clever representation of a French swell-mobman.

The Bohemian Girl was produced at the Opera House on Saturday night to a large audience, all parts of the house being packed. The very well known opera was received as though it was a novelty. The choruses were crisp and correctly sung, and the orchestra, under Luscombe Searell, played splendidly. Gracie Plaisted rendered good account of herself as Arline. She received encores for her principal numbers and had the audience with her all the time by her vivacious acting. Mr. Harding made a picturesque and tuneful Thaddeus. Mr. Rainford as Devilshoof did good service. Miss Lambert, C. H. Templeton and J. A. South filled in the other principal parts very well. The opera was capitally mounted. Last evening the captain and officers of the Japanese war-ship, *Yukuba*, accompanied by Consul-General Moon, visited the Opera House.

The Dampier-Wade company are playing The Great Pink Pearl to good business at the Gaiety Theatre, with Alfred Dampier, Harry Leston, A. W. Boothman, and Florence Wade in the chief characters. Fred. Gunther is still in possession of the box office, and B. U. Jones watches with a keen and jealous eye the interests of the owners of the house.

The Vital Spark combination is the attraction at the Olympic Theatre, but truth, candor and a keen sense of duty compels us to admit that we are not over enthusiastic as to the merits of the performance. The "Vital Spark" herself is a poor and ordinary specimen of a "dive" artiste, and the rest of her company are not diamonds of the first water. When we visited this entertainment the business began with what the bill termed "a musical and grotesque comedy" called Just in Time. The characters were assumed by Fred Dark, Harry Power, Bella Sutherland, and a lot more artists whom we never met before, and may probably never meet again. Just in Time was funny, though in a funeral kind of way. Miss Sutherland appeared as Paddy Murphy, an Irishman presumably. Her attire was clean if not appropriate (it consisted of a pair of spotted white pants and a red coat); but her dialect was dilapidated. Dark and a number of the others engaged in the "comedy" were uncertain of their lines. But then they were kept busy dodging the scenery, which careered around in a most hilarious fashion. So their "lack of repose" (as Prince Peninkoff would say) was excusable. When the "comedy" was done the "refreshment interlude" came, and it was greeted by the audience—a large one we forgot to say—with perfect enthusiasm. As you passed out of the door you were presented with a little pink ticket, which was negotiable at the adjacent bar for anything

from tea upward. After the gratuitous refreshments had been put away and the audience was re-seated, Fred. Glenville, Miss La Vine and the "Vital Spark" sang a song each with success, which was considerably hampered by the vagaries of the few republican spirits comprising the orchestra. These instrumentalists seemed to be capable musicians individually, but they should adjust their differences before the end of the week, or else Mr. Gibson will have to have the riot act read. The night we were there the piano appeared to be at virulent variance with the cello, who seemed to be at deadly enmity with the violin, who in turn hissed anathema at the cornet. It must, however, be said to their credit that they sunk their differences when a singer appeared before them. They apparently regarded the vocalists as their common foe, and they made things remarkably uncomfortable for them all the time. Fred. Dark, Miss Montague and the "Vital Spark" filled in the rest of the evening. The front of the house was well looked after by Mr. Burton and Mr. Gibson.

At the Academy of Music, the Federal Minstrels are in their third year of uninterrupted success, and Fred. Hisecks, the genial proprietor, is making money very rapidly with this popular show. W. T. Smythe was presented with a beautiful gold watch and chain by the employees of this theatre, and acknowledged the gift in suitable terms.

Isabel Morris arrived here last week by the American mail boat *Mariposa*. She brings with her the right to play Ciprico's After Twenty Years, and has secured dates with Messrs. Williamson, Garner and Musgrove.

Our friend, Leopold Jordan, of the *Daily Telegraph*, has just written the book of a three-act comic opera, to be composed by M. Kowalski, of this city. The work is to be ready within the next few months.

Signora Majeroni has returned to Australia after a six months' tour of the continent of Europe, and we hope soon to hear her again. Madame is without doubt the finest female star of the antipodes.

G. L. Goodman, the well-known Treasurer of the Theatre Royal, is still here, and is untiring in his efforts to render comfortable the patrons of this house.

MELBOURNE.

The Mikado still continues to attract largely at the Theatre Royal. The same faces may be seen night after night in the dress-circle—a fact which shows the fascination this little Japanese opera has for many. Last evening there was a good house, and no doubt, as usual, there will be a full house this evening. Rip Van Winkle has enjoyed a long run at the Opera House. Mr. Appleby, Miss Ivanova, Miss Fischer and the other members of the efficient cast have succeeded in interpreting the principal characters to the satisfaction of the large audiences which have attended nightly. The choruses have been well rendered, and on the whole the opera has been produced with good effect. The last six nights are announced, and Falka is to be presented next Saturday evening.

At the Bijou Theatre The Private Secretary was repeated last night to a good house. Frank Thornton revived the impression which he made at the Theatre Royal some time ago in the ludicrous leading character, and Mr. Harwood as Cattermole was just as funny as before. The Private Secretary will be played again this evening. Next Saturday evening the Majeronis begin their season with Elizabeth, Queen of England.

At St. George's Hall last night Leon and Cushman's Minstrels gave their final performance, which was for the benefit of the Cogill Brothers. The programme was a good one, and there was a large audience. This evening the Amy Horton Burlesque company will begin a season with the burlesque Little Don Giovanni.

Hugo's Buffalo Minstrels and the circle of accomplished ladies appeared again last night at the Victoria Hall. A new programme will be given this evening.

On Good Friday night the Melbourne Philharmonic Society will give the oratorio The Creation. The principals are Mme. Boema, Armes Beaumont and Gordon Gooch, A. R. A. M.

DIRIGO.

—Some wag, for the purpose of satirizing the benefit craze, lately had printed a number of large three-sheet posters with the words: "Academy of Music. Grand Testimonial benefit to Nat C. Goodwin and Frank W. Sanger." As soon as word was received by him, Mr. Sanger had the scheme set down upon before a single poster had made its appearance on the streets. The sarcasm of the idea, when it is known that both Mr. Goodwin and Mr. Sanger have just had the most successful season they have ever known, will be easily seen.

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On ground floor. Folding chairs. Seats 700. Complete scenery. Lit by electricity. Are now booking first-class attractions for 1888-89. May and June open. I. J. McCANDLESS, Manager.

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Wants No. 1 companies for 1888-89. Dates in May open. Wanted a Mikado co. D. B. HEINER, Mgr.

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WANTED—Good attraction to open Brown New Opera House at Lebanon, Ind., for Fair week, commencing August 16. Seating capacity 1,000. Folding chairs. Lighted by gas, heated by furnaces. Stage 24x50. Flat out of first scenery; flats 18 feet high; good dressing-rooms and population 5,000. Now booking good attractions for 1888-89.

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Correspondence solicited with best dramatic companies. Will be open for business July 1. Scenery and appointments all new and strictly first-class. Stage 40x50. Address GEO. WALLENROD, Manager.

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Summer season and season 1888-89. Am now booking. FRED. H. WHIPPLE, Toledo, O.

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FOR RENT—Fair price, commencing Oct. 25. J. F. & J. P. FERRALL, Lessees.

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Columbus, Kas.	3,500	800	G. E. Harland
Parsons, Kas.	11,000	800	Lot L. Baird
Ft. Scott, Kas.	12,000	900	W. P. Patterson
Pittsburg, Kas.	6,000	1,000	C. J. Hunter
Lamar, Mo.	3,500	800	Brown & Avery
Nevada, Mo.	6,000	1,000	Harry C. Moore
Rich Hill, Mo.	6,000	800	J. Goldenberg
Butler, Mo.	5,000	800	Don Kenney
Paola, Kas.	4,000	600	L. D. White
Okawana, Kas.	8,000	900	Samuel Smith
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WASHINGTON, D. C.
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All on ground floor. Seating capacity 1,

Professional Doings.

—The Ulle Alstrom company closes in Worcester, Mass., on June 19.

—David W. Van Doren is re-engaged with Robson and Crane for next season.

—Lizzie Evans closes a season of forty-four weeks in Providence, R. I., on June 5.

—John C. Patrick will continue in the management of Bristol's Equestrianism next season.

—Charles Spalding, of St. Louis, is in the city looking after his numerous business interests.

—Lawrence Barrett has engaged a young amateur, Kendall Weston, for his next season's company.

—This (Thursday) evening Joseph Murphy tries his revised version of Shaun Rhue at the Windsor Theatre.

—George Gouge, Jr., sailed for Liverpool yesterday to look after the business interests of Sol Smith Russell.

—The Novelty Theatre (Williamsburg) Association will hold its annual festival at Ridgewood Park, on Tuesday, June 8.

—Edgar Selden is writing several new songs for Jessie West, who will star next season as Clip in The Messenger from Jarvis Section.

—The Carleton Opera company will close its season in Philadelphia on Saturday night. Its tour is reported to have been very successful.

—Dr. S. Barnett has been appointed assistant to Dr. T. S. Robertson, of 28 East Twentieth street, the favorite physician of the profession.

—A. W. Purcell has assumed the management of the Casino Theatre, Rochester, N. Y., which will in future be known as the People's Theatre.

—Phyllis Broughton, the celebrated danseuse in English burlesque, has been engaged for the Violet Cameron Opera company for the American tour.

—Joseph Arthur is in negotiation with A. M. Palmer and A. R. Cazanar for the production of an original new drama at the Madison Square Theatre next season.

—Arrangements have been perfected by which Erminie is to be presented by the Casino company, at Hooley's Theatre, Chicago, next October, for a season of four weeks.

—Charles Lewis, for a number of years at the People's Theatre, has been engaged by Marc Klaw for Woman Against Woman next season. Mr. Lewis will act as advance agent.

—Charles N. Schroeder left for Europe on the Wyoming on Tuesday. He, with Maze Edwards, will most probably occupy their old positions at the Fifth Avenue Theatre next season.

—Robert A. Fisher, of Annie Pixley's late company, playing Bummer Smith in M'Lisa, and Maggie Cassie, the Yum Yum of the Kralfys Mikado Ballet, will be united in marriage on June 7.

—Preparation is going on at the Madison Square Theatre for the production there in August of William Gillette's Held by the Enemy, which was presented in Brooklyn earlier in the season.

—Rudolph Aronson is in constant receipt of new selections from Strauss, Suppe, Lecocq, Millocker and others of the popular composers, which he interprets nightly at the Casino roof garden concerts.

—Despite liberal advertising, the Cincinnati May Music Festival, which closed 22d, quit a loser to the extent of \$8,000 or \$10,000. The expenses will reach fully \$33,000, while the receipts were about \$25,000.

—The theatrical colony down at Sheephead Bay at the present time consists of Harry Mann, Harry Sanderson, Charles W. Pope, Al. Hayman and John F. Poole. Gus Pitou will probably go down in a few weeks.

—On next Tuesday night the Vokes Comedy company, whose season thus far at Daly's Theatre has been unexpectedly successful, will change their programme by producing, for the first time, the comedy Time will Tell. A Pantomime Rehearsal will also be given.

—A quartette of well-known musicians will supply the music at the Mountain House, Cresson Springs, during the Summer. Theodore Bendix will preside at the piano, S. Schmidt plays the violin, Charles Bayrhorff the cello and Antonio Saulino plays the clarinet.

—A version of Edmond Audran's Le Serment d'Amour, by Marius de Lazare, entitled Rosetta; or, The Pledge of Love, will be produced about three weeks hence at the Criterion Theatre, Brooklyn. The opera will be put on for two weeks, and then be presented at the Boston Museum.

—Two ladies attended a matinee performance at the Windsor Theatre recently, and one of them handed a note Manager Murtha. He looked at it curiously for a moment and then smiled. The ladies had carelessly left the note to Manager Murtha at home and brought away a physician's prescription for a sick relative. The ladies were given seats.

—A. E. Sumner has been visiting Mr. and Mrs. Lionel Bland (the latter known to the stage as Maggie Dean) at their Summer home at Glenwood, L. I. Mrs. Bland recently met with a severe accident, a sarsaparilla bottle bursting in her face. For a time it was feared her eyesight would be lost, but fortunately it was saved, though a scar will be carried as a memento.

—Jean Jacques, of Waterbury, Conn., was in town last week purchasing carpets, folding chairs, upholstery, etc., and giving out contracts for new scenery and stage mechanism for the opera house he is building in that city. In conversation with a MIRROR reporter Mr. Jacques stated that he was building a house which would be adequate in every respect to the patronage he expected. "Admission will range from thirty-five cents to one dollar," he said, "and as I shall only play from two to three nights a week, I propose having only those attractions for which I can ask such prices. My house will cost me nearly \$40,000, and I've got to do a pretty tidy business to get a fair interest on the investment. The date of the opening will probably be Oct. 20, and my first attraction will probably be Frederic Byron in Forgiven."

Amateur Notes.

On Friday evening last the newly-elected officers of the Booth Dramatic Society, of Brooklyn, were installed at Styles' Hall in that city. Following the reports of the committees and the installation ceremonies, speeches were made by the re-elected president, Thomas T.

Hayden, the newly elected vice-president, F. H. Bristow, and the installing officer, G. E. Van Nostrand. A number of the members then participated in a musical and literary programme of some length and the evening's entertainment wound up with dancing.

The Shakespeare Dramatic Lyceum gave its regular monthly entertainment at its rooms, No. 114 West Fourteenth street, last Wednesday evening. The performance consisted of recitations, character sketches, banjo playing and feats of magic by the different members.

Mrs. Wilber Wetherbee, of the Amateur Comedy Club, sails for Europe in June.

A dinner was tendered to the well-known amateur actor, Edward Fales Coward, on last Friday evening by Mrs. William H. Kingsley. Among those present were Miss Wilment, May Johnson, Miss Clarke, Miss Reaseau, Miss E. E. Jones, Mrs. E. F. Coward and Messrs William Johnson, R. H. Vassar, Addison Wilment, S. H. Kingsley and F. M. Wilment.

The Amateur Comedy Club welded business and pleasure agreeably together last Wednesday evening when it held its last meeting at the residence of its secretary, Dr. J. H. Swazey, No. 34 East Twenty-eighth street, following its deliberations by the consumption of a dinner specially tendered it by the Doctor. Over fifty guests were present and the evening was spent most enjoyably.

The Booth's official organ for the current week contains some excellent portraits of its newly-elected officers.

THE CASINO.

Broadway and 39th street. Manager Rudolph Aronson. Admission 50 CENTS. Reserved seats, 50c. and \$1.00. Boxes, \$5, \$10, \$25. Every Evening at 8. Saturday Matinee at 2.

The successful comic opera,

ERMINIE.

Presented under the direction of Mr. HARRY PAULTON.

Music, Ed. Jakabowski. L. Bretto, Harry Paulton. Musical director, Jessie Williams.

New and beautiful costumes, scenery and appointments.

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Thursday, Friday and Saturday evenings and Saturday matinee.

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MATINEES—WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY.

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LON CÆSAR

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SCENIC ARTIST. AT LIBERTY.

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Season of 1886-87.

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HIGH SOPRANO. Successful as Second Lady with Lillie St. Quinton. At liberty for light opera or singing society.

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